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RECONCILED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ROBERT McKAY.

Upon a little snow-white cot
An infant form was laid,
And by its side a mother knelt,
And incoherent prayed:
"O God!" she cried in accents wild,
"Leave me not here to mourn;
But, in Thy mercy, take me where
Thou hast my baby borne!

"This world to me is clouded now—
I care not here to dwell—
Far rather would I be at rest
Within the grave's dark cell;
Then I would be with those I loved—
Then grant, O God! my prayer;
Remove me from this scene of woe
Of misery and despair."

Then, rising, tenderly she pressed
The lips so icy now;
Smoothed the tangled threads of gold
That rippled o'er its brow;
And, standing there, a heavenly calm
Fell on the sorrowing one—
"Not mine, O Lord, but thine," she sobbed—
"Father, Thy will be done."

ERIE TEMPLETON.

A STORY OF MYSTERY AND PASSIONATE LOVE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL,
AUTHOR OF "A LOST LIFE," "BERTHA," "GILDED MISERY," "THE TANGLED WEB," "LOVE IN A MIST," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.
THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

The funeral of Victor Templeton was "celebrated" is the most fitting word to be found for it) with great pomp. From miles around the people flocked to see the last of one of whom they had stood in awe, of whom the most mysterious stories were in circulation. In fact, curiosity had more than respect to do with it, as it was rumored his entire house would be thrown open, and they expected the opportunity to make a thorough examination with regard to ghost chambers, infernal machines and untold horrors. They were sorely disappointed. With the exception of the parlors, all doors were locked and curtains closely drawn.

The gossips, too, were sadly chagrined at not seeing the face of Erie. Her veil was too thick for even their sharp eyes, and, contrary to the usual custom (if at all), she took a final leave of the corpse before the arrival of visitors. One thing only afforded them room for comment. She walked to the grave leaning upon the arm of the old physician, and not on that of her husband. It was an unheard-of circumstance, was "inhuman," "brutal," "disgraceful," and they made the most of it.

A couple of months passed with little being seen even of Leavett. He went upon a short journey (no one knew whither), returned, occupied much of his time reading and writing—occasionally rode out; and that was all known of his habits, for the old servants had been too long trained to reticence to gossip of what transpired in the house. Then it began to be rumored that the young couple did not live in the most happy manner—not that they quarreled, but the wife did not know or care anything about housekeeping—that things were going "slip-shod"—that the husband was an epicure and overfond of ease—annoyed at the least trouble, and given to fault-finding. And these rumors had some foundation in truth.

Erie had never given any attention to household duties—left all to the servants, and, without the strict hand of her father to control, they managed in their own way. Besides—and making it worse—they despised the "new master." Had he been the right man it should have been otherwise, but now they rather ruled than obeyed. In fact, it was a house divided against itself, and at last he who should have been the head was aroused to take some action. But it was not the work of an instant. The decision cost him much time, and putting it into practice was a still more difficult task with one of his wavering mental calibre—and especially one afraid of his own wife.

He had determined to invite his mother to come and live with them and take charge. Upon the feasibility of this he had consulted the old family physician, but received little of either encouragement or advice.

"It is a matter in which I have no right to speak," said Doctor Parsons. "It rests entirely between you and Erie. As a general thing, women like to rule their own husbands, and you must not overlook the fact that the property belongs to your wife. Still, upon the other hand, she has neither education nor taste for such employments, and she may be pleased with the arrangement. All I can say is that you had better consult her first."

"But you will use your influence?" plead Leavett.

"Nothing of the kind. Anyone who comes between man and wife generally gets his head broken, and is served right, too. No, sir; you don't catch me; I've got too old doing such foolish things. Go to Erie; it is due to her; she has a right to demand it, and it's the only safe way."

"I had hoped you would have interested yourself."

"I am interested to have things go smoothly, and hope they will; that's all."

Leavett retreated, and the physician continued as soon as he was out of hearing:

"Catch me putting my foot into that trap! It takes something more than chaff to catch old birds. If the mother isn't very different from the son it will make a hot house, and I'm not going to give them a chance to lay any of the blame on my shoulders. Besides, if it should come to trouble, I've got to protect Erie, right or wrong, and I'll do it. Heartless as she is, strange in every way, she's got more brains and energy than a hundred like her husband, and—well, I was wrong in my diagnosis, and wish she had never got married. But Heaven help her, what would have become of her should what will now? I tremble every time I think of it."

Disappointed in obtaining the expected influence of the physician, Leavett was forced to attempt the management of his wife alone. He watched for a propitious time, and one evening, when (for a wonder) she was content to converse even a brief space in his society, he remarked, as if casually:

"You have never seen my mother, Erie."

"No."

"She wishes to visit us. Have you any objection?"

"Why should I?"

"I know of no reason, and have thought it might be a pleasure to you to have her come."

"To yourself, more probably."

"It could not be otherwise to me. May I use your name in connection with the invitation?"

"If you desire."

"Thanks. I think you are aware that I also am an only child, and now that I am away she must be lonely."

He was feeling his way along like a boy upon treacherous ice, but her acquiescence thus far made him more bold, and as she did not answer he continued:

"There is certainly room enough in this great house for another."

"Certainly."

"And even if her stay was somewhat lengthy, as I should desire it to be, I presume she would not incommode you?"

"Perhaps not."

"And she might relieve you of very much of the care of the servants. They are such a bother, and, I know, must annoy you."

"I do not permit them to trouble me. They are expected to know their duties and attend to them."

"Still every household needs a head. Everything goes better, and my mother's long experience could not but be of comfort to both."

"Perhaps."

"Then I will invite her to make one of us, and thank you for your assent."

"As long as she does not attempt to interfere with me or my avocations, I have no objection to her remaining," said the cold eyes upon him as if in warning that there might be a limit beyond which it would be dangerous to pass.

The mother-in-law quickly answered the invitation in person—arrived just as the husband and wife were sitting down to tea, and was formally introduced. The two women glanced at each other—the elder with a wide-eyed and vulgar stare, and the younger even more from under the lids than was customary—and neither was satisfied. Their feelings were those of distrust and dislike. The first sensation was antagonistic, and they were measuring strength.

There was nothing surprising in this so far as the child of Victor Templeton was concerned. The mother of her husband was one with whom very few could amicably associate. She was a haughty, purse-proud, intolerant woman—one whose only idol was her son—who thought there was nothing good enough for him—who had been accustomed to the undisputed sway over his own weak will, and who would have looked upon her daughter-in-law (no matter who she might have been) as having robbed her of some of the love of her son, that she fancied belonged to her alone. And a more deliberate plotter could not have been found, or one who would less scruple at the means of accomplishing any object she had in view.

In obtaining a footing in the house she had a definite purpose, and that was to be mistress-in-chief and gain unlimited control of the money bequeathed to Erie. But her son was kept in the dark, and she acted so craftily for a time as to even deceive the servants. And almost without previous suspicion on their part, first one and then another was displaced—the plan of their work changed—the keys disappeared, and the "run of the house" they had heretofore enjoyed curtailed. They talked it over among themselves, could scarcely understand how it had been accomplished, grumbled, and at last appealed to Erie.

She heard the complaints without heeding them—gave no encouragement—was more than ever engrossed with her studies, and, though she was the nominal head of the house, was glad to be relieved of its care. As long as there was no molestation of the part she considered sacred—the library and laboratory—she gave no heed to any other portion, scarcely noticed that the servants had new faces and that the familiar ones had gone. In fact, she would never have been aroused to action had not her old nurse come with streaming eyes and told of her dismissal. Erie listened to her story patiently—told her she should not leave, walked directly to the parlor where her mother-in-law was seated with her husband, and demanded, in the most icy tones, by whose authority the poor woman had been discharged.

"I did it, my daughter," replied the old lady in her most bland tones. "She has grown insolent, and I thought an exchange should be made."

"You thought so? Why was not I consulted?"

"I did not think it of sufficient importance, especially as you have of late given up the entire charge of the house to me."

"I given it up? Your coolness astonishes me. I have done nothing of the kind. You usurped it."

"In taking a great load from your shoulders, my daughter."

"Thank Heaven, I am no daughter of yours, and never will be."

"In doing simply what I knew you wished, without constantly annoying you with questions, I have 'usurped,' but no farther, and very much regret my good intentions should be so much misconstrued."

"I have not hitherto noticed any changes you have made—should not have done so now, had it been any other than my nurse, who, as such ——"

"She is entitled to peculiar privileges in my—" she had almost said "my son's house," but checked herself in time and changed it to, "My dear, what were you about to remark, when I impolitely interrupted you?"

"When I was an infant she had sole care of me, and has lived in the family from that time—is accustomed to my ways, and I cannot get along without her."

"I did not fancy it could make the slightest difference in either your comfort or your feelings, my dear."

"But it has, madam" (Erie never called her by any other name).

"I was simply consulting your interest."

"Then you made a great mistake. Next time you will consult me before venturing upon any decided move."

"Certainly. Nothing could be more proper, but ——"

"There is no occasion for argument. I wish the woman to remain—*will* have it so."

"As you please. I have no desire to go counter to your wishes in any respect—in fact, have always done my best to consult them. I shall be more careful in future. There is no reason, my dear, why our little family should not be harmonious in every respect."

Erie fancied the matter settled. But it was far from being so. The crafty woman was determined to carry her point—to have no one about that was not her minion and perfectly under her control—who would not play the spy upon her daughter-in-law and report to her—and to that end began poisoning the ear of her son against his wife. But she was long in getting him nerved to the point where he dared to assert his authority or raise his hand in opposition to Erie.

Yet at last, when his mother goaded him on until it was necessary to make some move in the matter for the sake of his own peace, he went to his wife and asked the discharge of the nurse as a personal favor.

"Erie," he said, "why do you wish to retain in your service a woman who is a perfect marplot in the house?"

"Of whom are you speaking?" she questioned, slightly raising her eyes from the book she was reading.

"Of your old nurse."

"She has been and is faithful."

"But is getting old."

"The more reason why she should not be discharged."

"Then pension her."

"Who put that idea in your head?" she answered, reading him in an instant, and knowing from what quiver the arrow had been stolen. "It could not have been born there."

"Oh, I ——"

"Ah, but repeating, parrot-like, the words another has placed in your mouth."

"You cannot know this, Erie, and ——"

"I do know it. What did that woman come here to live for?"

"You are forgetting yourself."

"Not in the least."

"You are talking of my mother."

"I am aware of the fact, as well as I am that she does not love, but hates me. For that, however, I care nothing. Neither do I for her having taken the entire charge of the house into her hands. But she must know that she does not go too far. Remember that, sir, and warn her in time."

"I have asked but a little thing."

"Little or great, I do not choose to accord it. My nurse *shall* remain."

"And my mother?"

"Both doors are open. She can depart at any time she chooses."

"But, Erie ——"

"I have nothing more to say. The nurse *shall not* go, and mind you have no more to say concerning it now or ever, and that madam does not attempt to coerce or make the house unpleasant for her, or she will find I can do something more than talk," and she swept grandly from the room.

It was the first direct conflict with her husband, and he quailed before her flashing eyes and master mind. But he stood in dread also of his mother—would have liked to avoid her—feared a violent outburst of temper when he should tell her what had passed. And he was not mistaken. She abused him in the most bitter words for not having asserted his authority.

"Are you not a pretty son to see your old mother used in this shameful manner?" she asked. "Were you anything of a man, you would soon have made her yield. And to be jilted, and by a mere girl! I'd blush for very shame, if I was in your place. I wish I had died before I came to this house to be so abused. If you had the slightest affection for me, an old woman and your mother, you would assert your authority as a husband. But you don't care anything for me now—would not see me kicked out of the house and left to die in a ditch, without so much as opening your mouth," and she ended with feigned sobs and tears.

He did not attempt to reply—was too weak to undertake the struggle, and fled, when an opportunity offered, to escape the lashings of her spiteful tongue. But the subject was renewed day by day, though his mother made no direct issue with or attempted to control Erie. She was not ready for that—was marshaling her forces—preparing for victory in the battle she determined should not be distant.

But there was one thing that vexed her more than all the rest. Erie would be governed by none of what she called the rules of society—would spend her hours alone in that portion of the house where the treasures of science were gathered, and, more than all, would admit no one—not even her husband. From the time of her father's death the rooms had been kept closely locked, and Erie carried the keys. This was a source of intense disquietude to Mrs. Leavett. She knew a woman must do something wrong that had secrets from her husband. Once, too, she had asked her daughter-in-law to permit her to go into the forbidden apartments, and been haughtily refused.

The words were wormwood to the proud heart of Mrs. Leavett. But she determined to gratify her curiosity at all hazards, and to that end watched for an opportunity night and day.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE LABORATORY.

If Erie had the slightest love or gratitude for any human being, it was Doctor Parsons. She always welcomed him gladly and hastened to receive him, to the neglect of all other things.

His visits were frequent. He had a good excuse in his business as executor, and sometimes he even persuaded Erie to ride home with him and spend the better portion of the day. He had seen from the first coming of Mrs. Leavett that there was a skeleton in the house—that the young wife and her mother-in-law were at swords' points. So he watched for the certain rupture, resolved to sustain Erie.

One morning, shortly after "Madam" had determined to invade the forbidden portions of the house, the Doctor came with an urgent request from his wife that Erie would come and sit with her during his absence, as she was quite unwell. She hastened to change her dress and put on wraps, forgetting in the sudden summons that she had come from the laboratory and left the door unlocked—a thing she had never done before. She had intended to return instantly, but all thought of her cherished stores was banished, and she was soon ready for departure.

"Are you going to ride, my dear?" asked the mother-in-law, coming suddenly upon them.

"I am going home with the Doctor," answered Erie.

"I am very glad of it. You keep to the house far too much for your health. You must take good care of her, Doctor. You know she is dear to us."

"Hum! Dear? Yes. Get in, my child," was his reply.

"I presume you will keep her till evening, Doctor?" continued Mrs. Leavett, without showing the least signs of offense.

"Very like—and as much longer as she is inclined to stay."

"I will send the carriage for her at nine o'clock."

"You need not trouble yourself. Erie and I are perfectly able to manage our own affairs."

"No doubt of it, Doctor."

"And I will return her safe and sound—when she pleases."

"I thank you, both on my son's account and my own. A pleasant ride."

"You and your son be blessed!" he muttered as he laid the whip on the back of his horse, very much to his astonishment, as such a thing had not happened before in many a day.

Mrs. Leavett watched them until they passed from sight. Then her face purpled with anger, and she hissed from between her clenched teeth and tightly compressed lips:

"So! he takes the part of this strange, impudent girl. I wonder if he mistrusts me? No, he has no reason to do so, except Erie has told him about the discharge of the nurse, which I doubt. Well, I'm a match for both, and we will soon see who is to be mistress. I can manage my son—will force him to assert his authority, and should he shrink from it will do it myself. As for that old fool of a doctor, I'll find a way to stop his everlasting meddling. But Heaven be praised! I shall have one day without fear of interruption, and much can be done in that time. I am certain they won't let Erie return until night, and there is no one to watch me save that hateful old nurse. How I would like to send her trooping, the baggage! To think of her daring to remain after I had discharged her. But it shan't be long. Let me see what I shall do first. There is ——"

The thought of the secluded apartments flashed upon her mind, and without waiting to finish the sentence she darted up the stairs to where her son was painting. The eyes of the hard woman softened a trifle as they rested upon him, but when she saw that he was lavishing all his skill upon the face and form of Erie, the surrounding accessories being but foils to set off her strange beauty, her expression changed to one of the most passionate disgust.

"Will you never be a man?" she asked.

"What is the matter now, mother?"

"Such trash," and she pointed contemptuously at the picture.

"I thought you were fond of my paintings?"

"Not when you choose such subjects."

"I think it very beautiful."

"Which? The figure or the landscape?"

"Both."

"It shows your want of taste, and now that you are rich you have no need of working."

"You mean that my wife is rich."

"It is the same thing."

"I wish it were," with a sigh.

"That it is not is your own fault. If I were in your place I'd soon teach my lady what was what, and exercise the control over both her and her money that man was intended to do."

"I am content as I am."

"For shame! But I should only waste breath to talk upon the subject. The day will come when you will give much to have heeded my advice and not be kept under the thumb of your wife."

"She does not attempt to control me in anything. We have little in common."

"All your own fault. But I want you to go with me."

"Where, mother?"

"To explore the rooms in which your wife hides herself and will permit no one to enter—not even a servant to dust."

"You had better not go thither."

"Have you ever been in them?"

"Never."

"But you know of them?"

"I scarcely did until after your coming."

"What kind of a man are you, Marvin Leavett? You ought to be ashamed to thus remain in the dark, remain unknowing what your wife is about—what kind of heathen performances she may be engaged in. I have heard strange stories about her father, and do not believe she is any better than he was—the infidel."

"I am satisfied with Erie—confident she does nothing wrong. She may have strange tastes, but that is the fault of her peculiar mental training."

"You put me out of all manner of patience."

"I do not see anything to be alarmed about."

"But I do. If you are satisfied, I am not. If you will not arouse yourself to see that your wife does not dishonor you, I, your mother, will do it for you."

"You cannot think of going into those rooms after Erie has forbidden it?"

"Why not? I stand in no great awe of her, even if you do. I suppose you will refuse your consent."

"I have none to give. If you consult my wishes, however, you will keep away from that part of the house."

"So! my own son is turning against me. Well, I could not expect anything else after the society he has been living in for some months."

"But you will not go?"

"I shall decide that matter for myself," and she flounced out of the room with her face burning with indignation.

The stuff of which Mrs. Leavett was made was as firm, if not as honorable as that of the Roman matrons. She viewed the exploration of the forbidden rooms in the light of a holy duty, and would have walked barefooted over red-hot iron to have satisfied what she was pleased to term conscience.

And the time had come when she could do so without molestation—without anyone being the wiser. Erie was, fortunately, out of the way—would not return for hours—and she resolved to not let the golden opportunity escape. All scruples were trampled under foot. It was torture for her to remain in uncertainty, and her inordinate curiosity must be satisfied and the matter settled forever. She would know no peace until then.

Stealing up the stairs, she peeped into the keyhole of the room of the old nurse—saw her rocking in a great chair—heard her humming one of the songs usual with her class to troublesome children, and retired satisfied. There was no danger from her—she would soon be in sight—and the rest of the servants never intruded upon that portion of the house.

With noiseless but rapid steps she neared the door of the apartment and saw the key in the lock! Fortune thus favoring her, she could learn all she wished, and without even the most remote fear of detection. She paused, looked around and listened. She was alone in sight, and, satisfied she was undiscovered, opened the door, entered and closed it behind her.

But was she as safe as she fancied? A dark form drew almost instantly to the door—paused for a moment and then crept stealthily down the stairs and out of the house. Who it was the keenest eye could not have determined, as it muffled was the face and figure. Were there other spies in the house, as well as she?

Once within the sacred limits, Mrs. Leavett looked anxiously around. She found herself in a large room opening into another. It was filled with book-cases, tables, lounges and chairs. There were instruments of which she had not the slightest conception—jars containing insects, lizards, serpents, and a thousand things such as she had no idea could be found upon the earth or hidden in the waters. The shelves were loaded with bottles of curious shapes, filled with variously colored fluids and powders, and labeled in strange characters. Innumerable bugs and butterflies were pinned against the woodwork, and from the ceiling were suspended the stuffed skins of many specimens of the Saurian order—hideous even in death and harmlessness.

With dilated eyes the half-affrighted woman passed along until she reached the other apartment. This was much as the first, with several doors upon the inner side. She supposed them to be closets, and, to decide the matter, opened them, and found shelves filled with bottles and jars labeled in Latin, with the addition in English of "Poison!"

On the opposite side, between the closely shuttered and curtained windows was a small furnace and the appliances for fluxing metals. Near it were boxes of various dimensions and shapes. She raised one of the covers and started back in alarm as her eyes rested upon bones, whose proper place would have been beneath the living grass of the churchyard.

"Worse than heathens!" she exclaimed as she hastily dropped the lid and retreated, "to keep such things in the house. And Erie to sit here alone for hours! It is horrible! As I live, here is the skull of a little baby sawed off and used as a cup! Hark! What sound was that? I am not mistaken—the place was filled with ghosts in the night-time. Oh, Heaven! if one should come now searching after its bones"

Her first impulse was to fly, but she had not completed her investigation, and with a mighty effort she compelled her nerves to something like tranquility.

"Ah! here are books," she continued in a hoarse whisper, and as if afraid to hear the sound of her own voice. "They must be queer reading. I'd lay my life there was not a Bible in the whole house belonging to them. Those who deal with evil spirits dare not handle such holy things."

One lying open upon the table, by which an easy-chair was standing, as if it had been lately used, particularly attracted her attention, and her eyes rested upon the very page Erie had been studying when called away. It was a curious book in matter, type and binding. Of the former she could make nothing. As far as she was concerned, it was literally in a dead language. The covering was shagreen, curiously indented, and to any superstitious mind would have passed for that of a magician.

Even for the inquisitive woman it had a strange charm. She fancied she could learn what Erie had been reading. It might be concerning poison! She might be ashamed to thus remain in the dark, remain unknowing what your wife is about—what kind of heathen performances she may be engaged in. I have heard strange stories about her father, and do not believe she is any better than he was—the infidel."

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DANGEROUS.—(See Poem.)

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"You put me out of all manner of patience."

"I do not see anything to be alarmed about."

"But I do. If you are satisfied, I am not. If you will not arouse yourself to see that your wife does not dishonor you, I, your mother, will do it for you."

"You cannot think of going into those rooms after Erie has forbidden it?"

"Why not? I stand in no great awe of her, even if you do. I suppose you will refuse your consent."

"I have none to give. If you consult my wishes, however, you will keep away from that part of the house."

"So! my own son is turning against me. Well, I could not expect anything else after the society he has been living in for some months."

"But you will not go?"

"I shall decide that matter for myself," and she flounced out of the room with her face burning with indignation.

The stuff of which Mrs. Leavett was made was as firm, if not as honorable as that of the Roman matrons. She viewed the exploration of the forbidden rooms in the light of a holy duty, and would have walked barefooted over red-hot iron to have satisfied what she was pleased to term conscience.

And the time had come when she could do so without molestation—without anyone being the wiser. Erie was, fortunately, out of the way—would not return for hours—and she resolved to not let the golden opportunity escape. All scruples were trampled under foot. It was torture for her to remain in uncertainty, and her inordinate curiosity must be satisfied and the matter settled forever. She would know no peace until then.

Stealing up the stairs, she peeped into the keyhole of the room of the old nurse—saw her rocking in a great chair—heard her humming one of the songs usual with her class to troublesome children, and retired satisfied. There was no danger from her—she would soon be in sight—and the rest of the servants never intruded upon that portion of the house.

With noiseless but rapid steps she neared the door of the apartment and saw the key in the lock! Fortune thus favoring her, she could learn all she wished, and without even the most remote fear of detection. She paused, looked around and listened. She was alone in sight, and, satisfied she was undiscovered, opened the door, entered and closed it behind her.

But was she as safe as she fancied? A dark form drew almost instantly to the door—paused for a moment and then crept stealthily down the stairs and out of the house. Who it was the keenest eye could not have determined, as it muffled was the face and figure. Were there other spies in the house, as well as she?

Once within the sacred limits, Mrs. Leavett looked anxiously around. She found herself in a large room

mistress. I command my son—will force him to assert his authority, and should he shrink from it will do it myself. As for that old fool of a doctor, I'll find a way to stop his everlasting meddling. But Heaven be praised! I shall have one day without fear of interruption, and much can be done in that time. I am certain they won't let Erie return until night, and there is no one to watch me save that hateful old nurse. How I would like to send her trooping, the baggage! To think of her daring to remain after I had discharged her. But it shan't be long. Let me see what I shall do first. There is ——"

The thought of the secluded apartments flashed upon her mind, and without waiting to finish the sentence she darted up the stairs to where her son was painting. The eyes of the hard woman softened a trifle as they rested upon him, but when she saw that he was lavishing all his skill upon the face and form of Erie, the surrounding accessories being but foils to set off her strange beauty, her expression changed to one of the most passionate disgust.

"Will you never be a man?" she asked.

"What is the matter now, mother?"

"Such trash," and she pointed contemptuously at the picture.

"I thought you were fond of my paintings?"

"Not when you choose such subjects."

"I think it very beautiful."

"Which? The figure or the landscape?"

"Both."

"It shows your want of taste, and now that you are rich you have no need of working."

"You mean that my wife is rich."

"It is the same thing."

"I wish it were," with a sigh.

"That it is not is your own fault. If I were in your place I'd soon teach my lady what was what, and exercise the control over both her and her money that man was intended to do."

"I am content as I am."

"For shame! But I should only waste breath to talk upon the subject. The day will come when you will give much to have heeded my advice and not be kept under the thumb of your wife."

"She does not attempt to control me in anything. We have little in common."

"All your own fault. But I want you to go with me."

"Where, mother?"

"To explore the rooms in which your wife hides herself and will permit no one to enter—not even a servant to dust."

"You had better not go thither."

"Have you ever been in them?"

"Never."

"But you know of them?"

"I scarcely did until after your coming."

"What kind of a man are you, Marvin Leavett? You ought to be ashamed to thus remain in the dark, remain unknowing what your wife is about—what kind of heathen performances she may be engaged in. I have heard strange stories about her father, and do not believe she is any better than he was—the infidel."

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PHILOLOGY IN BAXTER STREET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Into the argot of our New York under-ten-thousand have crept a great many echoes of the literary culture that belongs to the strata of society that lie above—verbal estrays, foundlings, dwarfs; and these are often unique, heterogeneous, malformed, bizarre. The ancient classics are not unknown in Baxter street, and their echoes are heard in the unclassed haunts of Crosby. The gamin and the Corinthians talk Latin and Greek. The artists of the light-finger talk, to conceal their thought, in Spanish and French. The astronomers *du pave* of Mercer street communicate their learning sometimes in syllables from many tongues. The mokes of Thompson street borrow far more words from book-languages than from the mumble dialects of Congo and Dahomy. All these in their agglomerate make the argot of the under-ten-thousand of whom we are speaking. This argot is a philological sediment that has settled to that bottom of society. It is the dregs of language—the lees of talk. Let us look through this sediment cautiously for the settlings from the cultivated languages. We find some from the ancient classics, and some from the living tongues.

More than a dozen pure Latin words are known in that strange jargon, some of them with their original meanings. Of these we note *aqua* for water; *egrotat*, meaning "He is sick;" *mater*, mother; *nil*, nothing; *peccavi*, my fault, "I own up;" *senile*, come; and *stamina*, strength and endurance. In others the departure from the original Latin meanings is greater; as in *nescio*, which means both "I do not know," and "No." *Optime* is an adjective meaning first-rate, as "He is an optime number-one cove." *Latitat* means a lawyer. The phrase "A sad dog," which borders closely on slang, becomes Latinized—not translated, however—into *tristis canis*, which is good argot. *Canis*, in further use, becomes an adjective; and a dog-man—whether it be a dog-seller or a dog-thief—is designated a *canis* cove. *Nubibus* means both "In the clouds" and a smoke; and "Blow a nubibus," in utter contempt of Latinity, means "Make a smoke," "Obscure things a bit." A church burying-ground is known as *Saint Terra*. A Latin deity is mentioned by name in the terribly suggestive phrase *Venus's curse*; and the reference is appropriate and pungent. In *ballum-rancum*, which means a mixed ball of the worst and most malodorous kind, we see a lower form of what may be appropriately called dog-latinizing. So, also, in *tricum legis*, a trick of the law, a quirk, the same originality appears. The word *ard*, meaning hot, is of familiar origin; and *altitudes*, meaning drunk, conveys the idea of being high. *Albonized* means whitened. A physician is called "a brother of the *bolus*." A thief's share of a lot of plunder is called his *tale*. Remembering that *mug* means face, we can readily see the classical reference to the two-faced Janus, and see the verbal felicity in *Janus-mug*—usually pronounced *Janax-mug*—the argot meaning of which is a go-between. In the use of the word *toge* for coat we are reminded of the Roman toga; although doubtless these people down-town never went farther back for their *toge* than *togs* and *toggery*, which are old enough in low English. An argot offshoot is to be found in *top-tog* for overcoat, and another in *togemands* for gown or cloak. *Suspercol*—sus-per-col—means to hang; *vag*, a vagrant; and *mandere*, a beggar. *Chant*, meaning talk or gab, refers apparently to church services. *Emperor*, to designate a man who is drunk, may be related to the adage, "As drunk as a lord," which was doubtless in the mind of Burns when he wrote, "Like man that's drunk's a lord." The word *rose*, meaning a secret, comes doubtless from the secrecy-enjoining rose of Roman drawing-rooms, whence the legend *sub rosa* for "in confidence."

From the Greek the New York argot calls its gifted ones—its sharps—by the honored name of *Gnostics*, and the human head is called a *nous-boz*. Those argot-speaking folk handy every delicate euphemism when they call a cuckold *Actæon*; and in using the word *Corinth* and *Corinthians*, as they do, one might suspect them of some knowledge of Greek morals in days long gone, were it not that the references are older than Shakespeare. In their use of *agogare*—with its complex meaning of anxious, eager, quick—we catch a glimpse of the reduplicated *ago*; and in *ambidexter*—by which they mean, as an adjective, double-dealing, and, as a noun, a lawyer who takes retainers from both sides of an action at law—we find a perfect derivative by correspondence from the original Greek meaning of the word. Coming to this sink from the classical sources through various channels, with more or less distortion of form and meaning, are such words as *amodyne*, meaning death, which comes apparently directly from the Greek *necessary ana*; *bona*, a blessing; *galena*, salt pork; *minnicon*, very small; *phiz* and *phizog*, face; *davy*, affidavit; and *rotan*, any wheel-carriage. *Otomy*, a skeleton, and *ottomized*, dissected, are of Greek origin, coming through the healing profession. A sentence, which we may use to illustrate the wide difference between the argot and English, gives also the meaning of *ottomized*: "The bene cove was scragged, *ottomized*, and put in a glass case for oats to ogle," which in English is: "The good fellow was hanged, *dissected*, and put into a glass case for fools to gaze at."

In vague we find ancient classics are drawn upon in *academy*, a penitentiary; *college*, state prison; *college chum*, fellow-prisoner; and *Mentor*, in use among pugilists, meaning a trainer.

Biblical literature contributes the word *ark*, which means a vessel; *Benjamin*, a coat; *upper-benjamin*, an overcoat; *Job*, patience; and *Job's dock*, an hospital—a place where there should be patience as well as patients. Then the word *Joseph* comes in for a variety of meanings. We have *Joseph*, which means either a patched coat—one of many colors—or a bashful fellow, such as was the hero of the Potiphar domestic scandal, who stands alone in the history of the human race; and *Joseph's coat*, the meaning of which appears in the expression: "He wears a Joseph's coat," of which the meaning is, "He is beyond the power of the seducer." There are, further, *Moabites*, meaning constables; *Moses*, a man that is paid to father another man's child, for a consideration—a singular confession and transfer of relations in the pecuniary line of reference; *Nod*, sleep, which appears in the not-uncommon expression: "He is gone to the land of Nod;" and *Philistines*, police-officers, referring to the *posse* that were "upon" Samson in a constabulary sense.

The French language furnishes a few words to this language—a few drops to this cesspool of philological dripping—which usually

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

C. A. R., Memphis.—"A" and "D" and "C" and "B" are partners at euchre. A takes it up and goes alone. His opponents make the first two tricks, whereupon A, throwing down the right and left bower and the king of trumps, says: "I make a point." C, now leads the ace of trumps, and calls upon A to play his king, which he refuses to do, as he would then be euchred. Can he refuse to play the king, according to the rule as to exposed cards?..... There was no exposure within the meaning of the rule. Had A not been going alone, it would have been an exposure, as he would then have been showing his cards to his partner. It is to a player's detriment, when he has no partner, to exhibit his cards, and therefore there is no additional penalty. The rule was designed for partner euchre, but it applies to single-handed euchre in the same way. Thus, if A takes up the trump in single-handed euchre, he can expose his cards; but neither C nor D can, because in that particular deal they are correctly playing in partnership. The penalty for an exposure does not apply to a lone player, whether he is going alone in a partner game, or playing singly in a cut-throat game. In this case A was not euchred.

CONSTANT READER.—"A, B and C are playing fifteen-ball pool, with others. A gives B fifteen points on the count, to win the game. A takes it up and goes alone. His opponents make the first two tricks, whereupon A, throwing down the right and left bower and the king of trumps, says: "I make a point." C, now leads the ace of trumps, and calls upon A to play his king, which he refuses to do, as he would then be euchred. Can he refuse to play the king, according to the rule as to exposed cards?..... There was no exposure within the meaning of the rule. Had A not been going alone, it would have been an exposure, as he would then have been showing his cards to his partner. It is to a player's detriment, when he has no partner, to exhibit his cards, and therefore there is no additional penalty. The rule was designed for partner euchre, but it applies to single-handed euchre in the same way. Thus, if A takes up the trump in single-handed euchre, he can expose his cards; but neither C nor D can, because in that particular deal they are correctly playing in partnership. The penalty for an exposure does not apply to a lone player, whether he is going alone in a partner game, or playing singly in a cut-throat game. In this case A was not euchred.

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CONSTANT READER, Albion.—Three fours and a tray are worth eight. They are counted thus: their faces amount to fifteen, which is worth two; and the three fours make up three separate pairs (as four of clubs and four of diamonds, four of clubs and four of hearts, and four of hearts and four of diamonds), and pairs are worth two apiece, or, namely, three pairs are called a pair-royal. Had you held four fours, that would have made six pairs (or a double pair-royal), which are worth twelve.

ALLEY'S ORIGINATORS, Jamestown.—1. "The Black Crook," upon its first production at Niblo's Garden in this city, was performed 474 times. That was the longest run it ever had. It was also at Niblo's Garden Opera House in this city for a few nights, commencing Nov. 25, 1874. 2. "Humpty-Dumpty," on its first production at the Olympic Theatre in this city, was performed consecutively for about 2 hundred nights, and has subsequently run for 333 performances at the same theatre, and was performed there 943 times in all.

R. C. S., Troy.—1. A man does not lose by miscalling his hand. Both cutting and the *le ecripto* device lying among the ethics of draw poker. It is the show that wins. 2. A hand called must be shown to all the board. Otherwise it is liable to be thrown in the deal. 3. Where the bet is settled, might contain three kings and two five of hearts, which may win in some coteries, but only on the same principle that the five kings will beat four aces.

F. F. H.—1. The greatest distance cleared in a single run forward jump is 29ft. 7in., by Jack Howard of Bradford, Eng. 2. When you call the joker or bauer in euchre, the dealer has the privilege of either turning it down or of taking it up and making the trump. 3. "Boxiana" is out of print. You can obtain "Pastima," containing the results of prize battles from 1700 to 1875, by including $2.50 to Ed. James, 83 Centre street.

TENTH MAN, Trenton.—1. It greatly depends upon your aptness in learning. The art could not be mastered in less than three months. Apply at Lewis' Gymnasium, Ninth and Arch streets, Philadelphia. Wm. McLean, a professional, is teacher. 2. Your knee is a good one. By all means, carry it out to a practical issue. There are a thousand amateur clubs in the country, and every club would require one, not to mention the many theatres.

R. Lewis, Baltimore.—1. His name is Abe Hicken. He defeated Pete Maguire for the light-weight championship of America, near Perryville, Md., Dec. 23, 1868, but subsequently forfeited the belt. He also defeated Jem Mace, champion of Victoria, Australia, by beating Dave Ingram, near Geelong, Aus., Feb. 17, 1872. 2. He is not, and never was engaged in the variety business, and the challenge to which you refer amounts to nothing.

T. J. W., Metropolis.—1. Archbishop Hughes last left this city in November, 1861, when, from a very low to a very low Weed, he went abroad on an unofficial mission in behalf of the U. S. Government. 2. The present whereabouts of the mortal part of him is the vault of the Patrick's Cathedral, Mott street, this city, having died on Jan. 3, 1864, he was laid on Jan. 8 following.

M. O. C., Warren.—1. A point had to be made for the bet to stand. 2. Hoyle's rule on page 5. 3. Had the bet been lost. The product of fifty cents multiplied by fifty cents is 2,500 cents, or $25.00. 4. If you mean which is the better whist-playing hand, the original hand is the better, as the lead is already been taken in, and also upon which player has the lead.

D. G., Bedford.—1. Had you left it to Hoyle, as you say you did, you would neither have won nor lost, for Hoyle never wrote or published a line about euchre. "American Hoyle" is a book published a few years ago, authorship on your own common sense, as well as that of a good many other people; and the next time you bet it would be well for you to ascertain what the authority is that is to decide it.

RAMJET (1776).—1. There are no such records in our city. The charges here are $10, $15 and $25 for a course of lessons. 2. Nothing at first. You would be fortunate if you would get the chance to act as a call boy. 3. Apply to any leading music vary so much that we can give you no idea. It is a matter of private bargain. 4, 5. There is no such book.

T. WATSON, Hill-st.—Henry Bonus, Jr., of John street, Scotland, Ct. 3. So much depends upon the temperature of the weather, the thickness of the paper, etc., that the method varies. Flour is stirred into boiling water until it is a proper consistency. Some persons add a liberal proportion of starch, others a quantity of glue. 4. Eighteen dollars.

T. B. S., Turbutville.—1. It has run its course, and will be published in book form shortly. 2. Had you rendered up, the dealer could not go alone. 3. The majority of cards count three points in cassino. 4 Eleven points are what can be made in the one hand at cassino, when sweeps are not counted.

A. S., Towanda.—1. The person who writes under the signature of "Sam Pluck" is a resident of New York city. 2. The author of "Mother Goose's Melodies" was Mother Goose herself; but they were compiled and published by Isaac Deartbroken son-in-law, Thomas Fleet of Boston, printer.

J. W., Chicago.—Your question was answered two week ago. The Bostons won the pennant, and the committee decided that the Mutuals and Athletics were to play for second place, though the Mutuals were second by the record of played games.

T. C., Mansfield.—No. 1 would have to make five tricks to score four points. We do not see what the dummy, whether in or out of the pack, has to do with it; nor are we aware of what you mean by having dunigy, unless it be the joker.

S. P. C., Silver City.—If the dealer raised his cards before it was discovered that the bet had been made, it was fair, and he must "step down and out." If he did not raise them, at the hands are foul, and the dealer deals again.

J. C.—1. Take champagne corks, put them in an iron vessel, pour alcohol over them, and set it on fire. When the corks are sufficiently charred, rub them into a fine powder. 2. We can tell better after perusing it. 3. It was a draw.

H. S. B., Manchester.—We have not heard of them for some time. Address Arthur Chevalier, Esq., at this office and we will forward them, or, by reading THE CLIPPER carefully, you will see their whereabouts when they are performing.

DECLINED.—"Fondly Remembered," "A Man's Answer," "A Riddle," "Answer to a Woman's Question," "Alabama Snow-flakes," "Rose Bush," "My Queen," "One Million a Year," "We'll Live and Learn," "Gliding Over the Slippery Lake," "Mattie Lee."

R. T. W., Washington.—A owes for the sixty cigars of which he is owner. Had he lost the first game only, or the thirty were staked, he would have owed for ninety. He could not be required to order the additional thirty until he had lost them.

BROOKLYN.—1. Phil Clare defeated George Leese (Snatch 'em) on Riker's Island, April 27, 1853, nine rounds, for three hundred minutes. The stakes were $500 a side. 2. $250. The winner was seconded by Bill Hastings (Tricks) and Garvey Burns. 2. Shortly. 3. No.

A. B. C., Emporia.—1. The police force of this city is largely composed of that nationality. 2. Do not know the proportion. 3. It would be difficult to decide such a wager, and it is one that we would prefer not to decide in any case.

AQUARIUM, Philadelphia.—When we last heard of her she was residing in your city. As she has retired from the stage, we have no record of her movements since she made her first appearance on the stage at Grover's National Theatre, Washington, D. C.

THIRD BASE, Boston.—1. How can you, at euchre, turn up the joker and a jack too? 2. Lucifer matches were invented in 1829 by John Walker, an English chemist. They are not patented, but there have been patents on machinery for manufacturing them, as well as boxes.

IRVING, Washington.—1. The only occasion upon which George Brown, the champion sculler, rowed in a crew against a crew of Englishmen, was at Putney, England, on Sept. 5, 1870. He was at that time rowing with Hosmer Hoyt, Jr., of Boston. Aug. 30, 1871. 2. Tom Sayers' height was 5ft. 8½in.

COOK, Millville.—1. He is a lawyer in this city, named George Jones, who claims to bear the title of County Joanes. He does not, however, sit upon the bench with Jim Judge. 2. Tom Thumb is the smaller being 3¾ inches high, while Com. Nutt is 4 inches high.

BOSTON.—"Bluff with five dice. I throw three of a kind. In throwing again, I upset one of those three. Can I claim the original three, or can I throw on the two which the five are thrown?"..... The throw that upset the dice is void. The three of a kind stand, and you are to throw again.

CONSTANT READER, Springfield.—The Ward crew who won the international professional race on Saratoga Lake was made up as follows: Ellis, bow; Gilbert, No. 2; Joshua, No. 3; Henry, stroke.

W. B., Cleveland.—When your friend proposed to bet you the $10, and you said "All right," the bet was made. When you each put up the money, the bet was confirmed. There was then no doubt of the intention of either.

F. H. K.—In seven-up, if the count for game is a tie, the non-dealer is entitled to it.

DANBURY.—1. It is largely a matter of opinion, and so much of it as is pure fact has not been investigated by us. 2. The circulation of the papers named is not made public. *The Herald* has the larger.

A. G. M.—1. At Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa. 2. Once is a long step, and in the other the limbs are spread until the lower portion of the trunk touches the stage.

A. J. C.—Lay your case before a lawyer, if the parties will not make good. We are averse to giving opinions on matters that are likely to need the intervention of the courts.

L. W. C., New Orleans.—Baton Rouge was occupied by the Federal forces on May 27, 1862, and was attacked on Aug. 5 following.

CONSTANT READER, Butler.—1. Cannot undertake to recommend either work. 2. At single handed all-fours, if the dealer gives the beggar, he must give all.

J. P., Kansas City.—1. Inouting for deal at cassino, king is high, and ace is low. 2. Queen is next lowest to king, and jack comes after queen.

G. W. R., Chicago.—1. James. We do not know his address. At the time of her demise, March 6, 1868, they were residing with his father at No. 231 East 39th street.

H. P.—1. John Wood's Gymnasium is located at No. 6 East Twenty-eighth street, this city. 2. Prices vary, and it depends much upon your aptitude for learning.

J. B. F., Jersey City.—In playing spider euchre, the master of the trump cannot call for an ace unless he has in his hand a card of the suit of that ace.

T. W. H., Albany.—It means "take a drink." Although he frequently made use of the expression, he did not use it at the time you refer to.

G. B., Sixty-six.—If A was 65, and B, with 55, makes the last trick, neither counts game. The winner of the next hand counts one for it, however.

H. F. A., Philadelphia.—Playing the cards 7, 8, 9, and 7 entitles the holder of the last seven to a run of three, and to two points for thirty-one.

UNION CLUB, Fagundus.—The card originally played was boarded, provided the playing of it did not constitute a revoke.

M. P. R., Toronto.—The two 45's were entitled to the first two prizes. Their throwing off did not interest the remaining throwers.

TURF.—The last hand played decides the game. If A claimed out before B did, then the game is A's; if B was first to make the claim, then the game is B's.

F. C., Clifton.—The Cunard steamship office, in this city or Boston, can probably give you the information. The custom-house in either city certainly can.

W. G. B., Cold Springs.—No one part to a bet can make a draw of it. The party to whom you refer must await the decision of the judges.

J. W. R., Lowell.—They could be arrested in any country with which the United States has an extradition treaty, but such a treaty does not exist with all foreign states.

N. M. H., Boston.—Both are good. We never make comparisons as to the relative merits of professional performers in this department.

J. W. B., Louisville.—They could be arrested in any country with which the United States has an extradition treaty, but such a treaty does not exist with all foreign states.

N. M. H., Boston.—Both are good. We never make comparisons as to the relative merits of professional performers in this department.

SEASONABLE REFLECTIONS.

This being valentine week, our thoughts naturally run in tender grooves, and dwell on the mysterious influence exercised by the fickle God of Love. With every fresh batch of Love's missives that are brought to us by the unsympathizing hand of the letter-carrier, the air becomes filled with flying boys, whose rudeness is only equaled by their rudeness; and while gazing at these imaginary immoral young scallawags—these Cupids, as it were—we are lost in a maze of wonder and uncertainty, and try by all the arts of love to break away from the fascinating spell, and to unravel the perplexing puzzle. What *is* love, *anyhow*? As near as we can define it, love is a feeling of the heart; a passion which has been denominated tender and true; a sort of something that, a—a ——

Well, we fear that we are already getting beyond the depths, and that we are taking hold of a subject about which "no fellah can find out." We know this, however, that it operates to produce very singular effects at times; that it causes men and women to act outrageously and wickedly. We read that men and women not infrequently grow sick, and die "broken-hearted," from love; that they take to the "bowl," and "go to the bad," for love; that they lose their reason, and become driveling idiots, for love; that they jump from ferryboats on the darkest of nights, even when the cold is bitter and the river is full of ice, when the shock to their systems must be terrible, and all for love; that they hang themselves, shoot themselves, suffocate themselves, take "cold pizen," cut their throats, and use other gentle means to "shuffle off this mortal coil," and all for love; that they commit other disreputable acts, all for love! "Tender passion," indeed! If such is love, or love is such, we hope it will never tackle us, nor cast a spell on any gushing creature on our account. We have no desire to love or be loved, if such things as we have mentioned are among the possible contingencies. Some jilted spooney says, "It is better to have loved and *lost*, than never to have loved at all." We don't see it. What! better to lose your life, or "lose your head," your health, your reason, your character for gentleness and truth? No, no; we don't want any of this "tender passion" in ours. We prefer a tougher passion, one not so conducive to disagreeable consequences. A sentimentalist says of love: "It is a medley of endearments, jars, suspicions, reconcilements, wars—then peace again." And we guess the sentimental one has got it down pretty fine. At all events, with this quotation we leave the "tender passion" to those who hanker for it. This is all we have to say about love in this inclement and unpropitious season.

GIVEN AWAY.—A member of the City Council of Baltimore has been expelled for accepting a bribe of fifty dollars. The man was punished, we presume, not so much for *accepting* a bribe, as for putting the price so low as to seriously threaten to undermine the foundations of the sacred edifice of bribery.

WE HAVE NOTICED that French sailors always preserve the "entente cordiale" (translations made at this office) by living in enduring *French ships!*

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ On Feb. 8: It was announced per Atlantic cable that the Alfonsist troops had entered Estella, the Carlists retreating to Vergara, in the province of Guipuzcoa; that the Carlist general Lizarraga had deserted and joined the Alfonsist army.....It was also announced that the Spanish general Loma had been compelled to abandon Zarauz and Guetaria and was hemmed in at San Sebastian, and that the Alfonsists had lost 1,200 killed and wounded in the battle of Salvatan, an outpost in the Austrian army, had been placed under arrest for publishing a violent attack on Germany; that M. Valentin, republican deputy, in getting into Freycinet's bonds placed on the Seine-et-Oise; and that 150,000 francs were realized from the grand ball for the benefit of the poor, held in the new Opera house on the evening of Tuesday, Gabrielle Krauss leading the orchestra.....W. B. Glenn and J. H. Foote, members of the North Carolina Legislature, announced in that body their withdrawal from the Republican party, in consequence of the passage of the Civil-rights bill by the U. S. House of Representatives.....President Grant sent to Congress a message on the Arkansas difficulties, declaring the Republican party to be opposed to and denounces the Garland Government as revolutionary and a usurpation. The document caused a great sensation, and, it is thought, will tend to defeat the election of Republican ranks.....The conductors and brakemen on the Grand Trunk Railway in Canada struck against a reduction of wages, and the departure of trains from Montreal and Brockville was prevented in consequence.....Gov. Tilden and his sister, Mrs. Pelton, gave a reception in honor of William Cullen Bryant, the editor and poet, in the Executive Mansion at Albany.....5,000 men were reported thrown out of employment by the stoppage of the mills along the Lachine Canal, Canada, which was frozen hard bottom.....In Cincinnati, O., a coroner's jury found a verdict against James Clare, charged with killing his wife Elizabeth.....Isaac Ilatch and John Fillmore were sentenced at Cincinnati, O., respectively to fifteen years' imprisonment for a robbery committed here.....Jas. McCann was beaten to death in an affray at North Adams, Mass.....Thomas Sampson, a detective of twenty-three years' standing in this city, resigned his position.....The sale of the furniture, etc., of the Astor House, this city, was commenced.....Losses by fire: Cook's Block, Warren, Ill.—loss $24,000; Bryant's Block, Racine, Wis.—loss $16,000; Pacific Hotel, L.—loss $6,000; Tilton & Co's hosiery mill, and Clarence Eastman's grist-mill, Laconia, N. H.—loss $35,000, insurance $24,500; the Pittsburgh Locomotive Works, Pa.—loss $100,000, insurance $2,750; the Royal Canadian Flour Mills, Cote, St. Paul—loss $75,000, insured for $30,000; a fire-engine house, schoolhouse, and other buildings in Liberty Pole, L.—loss about $40,000, insurance $4,500.....It was stated that three distinct shocks of earthquake were felt in San Francisco, Cal.....Patrick Carroll was killed on the N.Y. Central Railroad in this city.

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Augustus Drake of Hope, Maine, recently sold his trotting-horse Honest Quaker to some parties in Boston for $2,000. Five years ago Mr. Drake purchased this horse for $240..... The hurdle and flat racer Limestone, 5yrs. old, by War Dance, out of Transylvania, who won twenty-one races last season, is offered for sale..... A trot on the ice for $200, mile and repeat, came off on Cayuga Lake, N. Y., at Union Springs, last week, between H. C. Blodgett's horse Yankee and George Haight's team; Yankee winning in two straight heats..... The racing stud of Count La Grange, the French turfman, includes 108 horses in training, among which are 65 two-year-olds..... Vasco da Gama, a full brother to the St. Leger winner, Pero Gomez, being by Beadsman out of Salamanca, was sold when a yearling for 1,300 guineas. Two weeks ago, being a three-year-old, he was sold at auction for 17 guineas..... Two valuable horses were recently killed on the Merrimac River, Lowell. While trotting on the ice above the Pawtucket Falls, the horses came into collision, and the shaft from the sleighs to which they were attached entered the breasts of each, killing them almost instantaneously. One horse was a fast trotter and would have been valued at over $1,000; the other was a very promising colt..... An exhibition of draft horses will be held at Nantes, in France, next March, at which prizes amounting in the aggregate to $5,000 will be awarded..... The Spring meeting of the Hartford, Ct., Stock Breeder's Association will commence on June 12, and the Fall meeting on Aug. 31. At the Spring meeting last year, the association netted a profit of $6,000, which this year will enable them to offer still larger purses for competition..... The trotting mare Nightshade, owned by Mr. Frank Beaman of Boston, died last week of disease of the kidneys; she was valued at $1,500..... The trotting mare Jenny Lind, who as long ago as 1856 won a trotting race on the Fashion Course, L. I., in 2:37, being the only time she ever started for money, died recently in the 28th year of her age..... A number of gentlemen in Louisiana have organized themselves into an association for the purpose of introducing better blood among the agricultural horses of that State, and have purchased the two imported Percheron stallions Bismarck and Napoleon for crossing with the mares of that section..... Moses Bolles, a well-known Massachusetts horseman and superintendent of the Hambletonian breeding stud, Worcester, died recently of consumption.

MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB ENTRIES.—The stakes of the Maryland Jockey Club, which closed on Feb. 1, have filled remarkably well. The Baltimore Cup, two miles and a quarter, closed with sixteen nominations, among which we recognise the familiar names of Fadladeen, Vandalite, Stanford, Persuader, Lizzie Lucas, Count D'Orsay, Mate, Preakness and Limestone. The reappearance of Count D'Orsay on the turf, after having, as was rumored, hopelessly broken down, will be gratifying to all turfmen. The Handicap Stakes for four-year-olds, mile heats, has twenty-two entries, among which we note Dublin, O'Neil, Piccolo, Bay-rum, Bonaventure, Vaultress, Countess and Persuader. The sweepstakes for three-year-olds, dash of one mile, has thirty-one entries, the best known of which are Lizzie L., Australind, Springlet, Babylon, Bay Final, Risk and Gloaming. The Breckenridge Stakes, for three-year-olds, two miles, has twenty-nine entries, among which we find the flying Olitipa, Vassal, Sweetlips, Springlet, Willie Burke, Hyder Ali, Lizzie R., Cheapside, Australind, King Bolt, and Firework. Not the best performed two-year-olds of last season. The Dixie Stakes of 1876, for three-year-olds, two miles, closed with sixty-four nominations, and the added Jockey Club Purse, Fanny Barrow, by imported Albion. He also sold to Mr. S. Murphy, the Secretary of the Nashville Blood Horse Association, his promising three-year-old filly Valeria, by Vandal, out of Nubia, by imported Albion. Mr. Pierre Lorillard has purchased through Mr. Charles Bathgate the two-year-old chestnut colt Stockland by imported Canwell, dam Melrose, by Glencoe or Harold. He also bought of Mr. P. Lancaster of Kentucky the chestnut colt Alph Riley, 3 years old, by Asteroid, dam Minnie Lewis by, Revenue. Mr. D. Swigert of Stoneleigh Stud Farm, Kentucky, has purchased of Mr. Warren Viley, the bay colt Velox, three years old, by imported Phaeton, dam Capitola, by Vandal, and has renamed him King Alfonso.

BERGH ON HORSE-RACING.—Mr. Henry Bergh the Quixotic champion of humanity to dumb animals, having succeeded in putting a stop to cock-fighting, dog-fighting and pigeon-shooting, now feels inclined to commence a new crusade against horse-racing. He is, however, deterred from doing so by the consciousness that public opinion is dead against him on this point. His personal bitter feelings on the subject, however, found vent at the annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which he is the president, held in this city on Friday night, Feb. 12, when in his statement showing the progress of his work he thus spoke on this subject: "It certainly would not be prudent, nor is it my intention now, to recommend a formidable opposition to the universal pastime of horse-racing. *That it is an evil and violation of public law is undeniable*, but while this society refrains from all legal interference therein, it is not improper that it should interpose its humane and compassionate appeals to all mayors and other parties engaged therein, to remember that the generous and docile animals subjected to their will, have limits to their powers, bounded by the decrees of nature, and never to allow the cruel inspiration of speed or endurance to surpass those limits."

ENGLISH TROTTING CHALLENGE.—John Hawkins of Wallsall, England, announces that he is ready to match his trotting horse Jack to trot twenty miles on a turnpike road, against any horse in America, for £300 a side. He says that he is aware that it would not be worth any one's while in the United States to send a horse over there to trot for $1,500, but that considerably more than that could be won or lost in bets on the race, which would compensate for the smallness of the stakes. He also says that he will allow a fair amount for expenses.

MR. JOHN F. CHAMBERLAIN will please call or send for a letter addressed to him in our care.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FOOT-RACE BETWEEN WALSH AND BUTTERY.—A running match, distance six hundred yards, for £50 a side, between George Walsh of Royton and Dick Buttery of Sheffield, the former receiving a start of seven yards, was decided at Royal-oak Park, Manchester, Eng., on Jan. 23, upwards of 2,500 persons assembling to witness the contest. The weather was not particularly favorable for the race, being damp and foggy, and the track was in exceptionally bad order, being soft, and, indeed, in several places a complete puddle. Very little time was lost before the men got to their marks, and the pistol was fired to a good start. The race which followed admits of but little description. Walsh kept his advantage of seven yards till well round the last corner, as Buttery seemed to be waiting, rather than trying to cut him down. Down the straight, however, the Sheffielder let himself fairly out for a few strides, and raced up to Walsh hand over hand, getting within two or three yards of him. Just as shouts of "Buttery wins!" were raised, some 20 yards from the finish, he apparently tired to nothing, and Walsh, sprinting away again, went in looking over his shoulder, a winner by what seemed to us half a dozen yards, but which the referee pronounced to be three only. Directly the pistol was fired some hundreds of the spectators swarmed over the palings, and, rushing to the tape, lined the straight for some distance up, completely shutting out those in the inclosure from anything like a proper view of the finish. Under these circumstances it was impossible to time the race with anything approaching due accuracy. The times taken, consequently, varied, but probably 1min. 16sec. was the time actually occupied in the race.

FOOT-RACE IN MICHIGAN.—A match which has awakened considerable interest, locally, was decided on the grounds of the Jackson (Mich.) Agricultural Society, Feb. 7. Dave Williams, colored, had quite a reputation thereabouts as a runner, and his backers had repeatedly expressed a desire to match him against anyone who made pretensions to unusual fleetness of foot. This coming to the ears of a young man named Alvin W. Fifield, he sent word to Williams' backers that he would run their man a half-mile race for $100, naming day and place. This proposition was at once accepted, and a small forfeit posted. For some reason, however, Williams' backers didn't go on with it, and Fifield got the forfeit; but another match was subsequently arranged, and carried to a proper ending, as above mentioned. Notwithstanding the biting cold, a large crowd assembled to witness the contest. Fifield was much the trimmer and lighter built of the two men, and appeared to be in much better condition for a race of this length. Williams' friends claimed he could run a waiting race, and that he could win easily by reason of his superior lasting qualities. The men started fair, Williams, who had the inside, being quickly headed by Fifield, who led him throughout the race. Williams made a splendid dash near the finish, but never quite succeeded in passing him, but he shook him off and came in an easy winner; time, 2:27. It was apparent that Fifield could have done the distance in much less time if he had been pushed. Fifield's friends talk of matching him against Wayne Hayman, champion of the Ann Arbor University, in a long race, some time in the early Spring.

JUDD VS. WESTON.—Preliminaries for a trial of speed and endurance between E. D. Judd and E. P. Weston have been nearly completed, the latter having accepted a challenge issued by the former, proposing a six days' trial. In the published correspondence relative to the affair appears a communication from P. T. Barnum, in which he places the Hippodrome at the disposal of the rival pedestrians, besides offers a purse of $5,000, to be awarded to the man who makes the greatest number of miles in six consecutive days, commencing in the first five minutes of Monday, March 1, and terminating at midnight on the 6th. He also offers an additional purse of $2,500 to see repeated there the feat which Weston claims to have performed in Newark, N. J., viz., walking 115 miles during the first twenty-four hours and 500 miles in six consecutive days. Members of the New York and New Jersey Athletic Clubs will, it is understood, have the management of the affair, thus insuring correctness in measurement of track and honest timing.

THERE IS A LETTER in our care for E. P. Weston.

Cocking Main in Virginia.

A main of cocks and stags between the upper and lower wards of Richmond, Va., was fought at the pit of Byrnes and Bob Allen, Monday evening, Feb. 8. This pit, established some weeks ago, is attended with every facility and convenience. A large crowd was in attendance, and a good deal of money changed hands. Allen heeled and handled for the lower ward, and Mr. P. for the upper.

First Age.—Allen pitted a 4lb 11 oz. Dominick stag and P. a 4lb 15oz. white stag. After fighting for a period of about two minutes, the Dominick ended it by winning.

2. A 4lb 12oz. red stag by Allen, the opposite side showing a 4lb 10oz. red stag. This ended the first fight, Allen's stag making the other clear the pit in less than one minute.

3. A gray cock, 6lb, by Allen, and a 6lb red cock by P. Both birds were game to the end, being the favorite, and heavy odds offered upon him. Both proved to be good sparrers, and the fight appeared doubtful, as the gray showed no signs of giving up when he received a blow below which confused him to such an extent that he lost the battle. Time, 20 minutes.

4. Both sides showed 5lb 12oz. red cocks. Some time elapsed before the birds got to work, and hard work it proved to be, as both were flyers, and evidently scary. After fighting in this manner some 10 minutes, Allen's bird received a fatal cut and died.

5. The upper ward party, having won three out of the four, were exceedingly jubilant at this point, and were betting freely, with ready takers. Allen pitted a 4lb 12oz. white stag, the opposite side a 4lb 13oz. red stag. Both proved quick and steady fighters for a minute, when the white suddenly and ingloriously ran, thus giving four fights to the upper ward.

6. Allen a 5lb 6oz. spangled stag, P. a 5lb 6oz. red cock. In the start the spangled broke one of his spurs clean off against the side of the pit, but made good use of the other. Both were fast fighters, giving out no fruit, hit for hit. This was the best-contested fight of the evening, and heavy bets were made. The red had everything in his favor after ten minutes' hard fighting, when he received a throat cut, and, although fighting game to the last, lost in fifteen minutes.

7. A 4lb 14oz. red cock and a 4lb 14oz. Dominick were here pitted. Quick to work, steady fighters and hard hitters. After a well-contested battle, lasting 32 minutes, both birds being badly used up, the Dominick lost on the count.

8. Each side showed a 5lb 6oz. white cock, who fought unceasingly some 33 minutes, the fight ending in favor of Allen.

NEGOTIATIONS are pending for a match at quoits between George Graham of Plaistow, London, Eng., and Job (Nellie) Pearson of Philadelphia, to play eighty-one shots up, eighteen yards distance, for £20 a side, on Monday, May 31. If made, the match will be contested in England, and Pearson asks £40 for expenses.

AT MCQUADE'S Racket and Handball Court, 404 Madison street, this city, on Feb. 9, Barney McQuade and Jim Casey beat Phil Casey and Morris Moore two out of three games. Subsequently Phil tackled Jim Keating, winning two games. Barney is endeavoring to get on single and double-handed matches with some of the Quaker City players.

BILLIARDS.

THE CHALLENGE-CUP CHAMPIONSHIP.

About Dec. 7 last Maurice Vignaux challenged the winner of the then pending match between Albert Garnier and A. P. Rudolphe. This challenge went into effect on Dec. 11 following. It is now claimed that on Feb. 8 last, which was sixty days after Vignaux's challenge went into effect, Rudolphe forfeited all right to the challenge cup and its accompanying title, by virtue of this rule:

SEC. 5. The holder of the cup *can be required* to play at the expiration of sixty days from the time of being challenged, *but not before*. [Note that Rudolphe could not be compelled to play until on or after Feb. 9.—ED. CLIPPER.] Should either party refuse to play *within the specified* time [Note that there is no time specified *within* which a match must take place.—ED. CLIPPER] he shall forfeit his claim to cup and stakes. Should both parties conspire to defeat this or any other rule relative to the billiard emblem, the match shall be declared off, and the stake-money be returned. The cup will revert to the original donor.

Under the foregoing rule as to time, the cup can *never* revert to the original donor. The reason is that while the challenger may compel the champion to play at any time after the expiration of sixty days, the champion cannot compel his challenger to play at any time not mutually agreed upon. The explanation of this is quite simple. The rules of the challenge-cup championship are taken from the rules of the diamond-cue or four-ball championship, which are framed by the writer of this in April of 1869. A few clauses in the earlier code have been omitted from the latter, but in all other respects the two codes are identical, word for word. Of the omissions, one is so fatal that, under the challenge-cup rules as they stand to-day, the champion can so arrange that he need never play a match, unless in deference to public opinion. The vital clause so omitted comes in after the words "but not before." It is, in effect, that, while the champion cannot be compelled to play before the expiration of the sixty days' grace accorded him, both he and his challenger *must* play within thirty days additional. A "within" time having been thus provided, then follows the clause, "should either party refuse to play within the time specified (ninety days, and not sixty), he shall forfeit, etc.;" and after that comes the rule as to collusion—"should *both* parties conspire, etc."

Rudolphe and Vignaux, less fortunate than Garnier when he was champion, are now both charged with collusion for not having "played within the sixty days specified," when (the rule being plain that Vignaux could not force Rudolphe to play until after the sixty days had passed, while there is no time specified wherein Rudolphe can force Vignaux to play) there has really been no need of collusion. The last striking fact in connection with this charge of collusion, as well as with the subsequent declaration that Rudolphe is no longer champion, is that Garnier has escaped both. Let us now see how often Garnier, as champion, has played within the sixty days. He was first challenged on June 27, 1873, by Cyrille Dion. As matter of fact, however, Dion's challenge could not go into effect until Sept. 1 following. The match was played, not in sixty days after Sept. 1, but on Dec. 2, 1873. Ubassy challenged Garnier on Dec. 22, and that match came within the sixty days, being played on Jan. 30. Maurice Daly challenged on Feb. 20, but the match was not played until April 3—or on the day late, according to the standard by which Rudolphe is declared to be no longer champion. The next challenge was Rudolphe's, being issued on Oct. 14, 1874, and the match taking place on Dec. 10. Thus of the four matches played by Garnier as champion, only two were "on time," as it is called; and yet it was never even suggested that he had forfeited the championship. It seems to make a wonderful difference who the player is that holds the championship. Those who deny Rudolphe the championship now never questioned Cyrille Dion's right to the championship of the four-ball game; and yet as champion he never played a match in accordance with the rules, the last legal contest having occurred on Jan. 11, 1871. Furthermore, when Garnier and Maurice Daly, matched for the four-ball championship, and again for the three-ball championship, were conjointly giving exhibitions here and in other cities, it was held that their games were simply good practice. But when, a few weeks ago, Vignaux and Rudolphe proposed to give an exhibition in Cleveland, and perhaps elsewhere, the cry of "Hippodroming!" was sent out ahead of them. *Their* games, singularly enough, could not be good practice—"such familiarity of playing, between experts who have important matches on hand, has engendered suspicion in the public mind," etc. There has been too much goose, it is suggested: the gander has some slight claim. As for these challenge-cup games, it may be added that there never can be any collusion to defeat the rule as to time, for the simple reason that by an inadvertant omission, as we have shown, there is practically no rule as to time, save the one that gives the challenging party the option of insisting upon a contest sixty-one, or ninety-one, or twelve hundred and one days after his challenge has come into effect. Every one of the games thus far played has, therefore, been legally on time.

The contest between Rudolphe and Vignaux will occur at Tammany Hall, in this city, on Monday night next, Feb. 22. Vignaux has the advantage of having been practicing almost uninterruptedly while Rudolphe was wasting time in Chicago and between players who are so closely matched, this is no slight advantage on a small table. Rudolphe has a counteractant in that, while he has never been beaten in public by Vignaux, he has twice beaten the latter publicly—in the tournament at Tammany Hall, this city, on Nov. 10, and at Brainard's Opera-house, Cleveland, on Jan. 25. These two victories may win the game of Monday next.

FREDERICK E. SMITH.

The death of F. E. Smith is reported from Lincoln, Nebraska. It may be Frank L. Smith, who was champion of Iowa in 1871; but it is more likely that the reported death is that of an older man, Frederick E. Smith, who became known as a player while he was a resident of Boston, Mass. He was one of the contestants in the original tournament for the championship of that State. It was held at Bumstead Hall from March 13 to 18, 1865, and Smith tied F. A. Harding for sixth place. This was the second State tournament ever held, and three of the competitors in the first tournament passed away within the last fifteen months, William A. Tobin having died in Boston on Nov. 25, 1873, and Lee W. Langdon in Jacksonville, Fla., on Jan. 26 last. About 1866 Mr. Smith went West, where he ever afterwards resided. He was a participant in the second Cincinnati tournament, held at Mozart Hall on Oct. 21-28, 1867, but failed to win a game, being beaten by Melvin Foster, John W. Coon, Charles Davis, Peter Snyder, Joseph Vermeulen, Frederick Ackerman, Harry Choate, Frank Parker, and Willie C. Rivers, all of whom are still living, save John W. Coon, who died in Chicago on Nov. 5, 1873. Since then Mr. Smith, although in one or two occasions essayed to make a match with Western players, had not been prominently before the public, except possibly as the agent of a Western manufacturing house. He had resided in several Western cities; and it was in Chillicothe, O., that, beginning on March 9, 1869, and finishing on March 10, he acquitted himself of a performance of which he was ever afterwards not a little proud. It was a run of 6,932, counting two at a time; and, although made in the jaw, it was yet meritorious in that there was a total avoidance of the push shot. By common consent he was regarded as the billiard champion of Kansas and Nebraska; he had a wide acquaintance among sporting men, was genial and whole-souled, a patron of all classes of sports, and reputed to have kept the finest lot of dogs and birds in the West. His death occurred on Friday, Feb. 5, in Lincoln, Nebraska, being due to a fall from an outside stairway of a building in Atchison, Kansas, in search for Emanuel Brunswick, billiard-table manufacturer of Chicago, but mainly in his auction and commission business in Lincoln, he had made considerable money; but a correspondent informs us that the generous and open-hearted nature of the man, whose death is very generally regretted in that section, had left him but little. He was in early life a cigar-maker by trade, we believe, and his age was about 40. Our correspondent's note sets at rest all doubt as to which Smith it was. He is the second champion of the name of Smith who has died in the far West. The other was Michael, champion of Colorado, whose death occurred about June 20, 1869.

THE LOST PLAYERS.—Instead of the original forty-two, the lines entitled "The Lost Billiard players—Find Them," published in our last issue, contain the names of seventy-six billiardists. From these are excluded "Coco" (which is but a nickname), and "Egan," "Pare," "Denison," "Reis," "Hirst," "Lamson" and "Teril," which latter seven are not spelled correctly. The seventy-six are not all famous, it is true; yet there is not one of them but is as well known as Cy. Coon of Chicago or John Thatcher of Cleveland, as George Morris of Chicago or John Williamson of Cincinnati, who were among the forty-two originally sought for. Those who think they can find the seventy-six are now at liberty to begin. They have full license to repeat as many names as they can find different individuals as for, and are cautioned against wasting time on such as Cord, Berg, Bass, Sand, Sands, Hatch, Howill, Late, Grant, Free, Frain, etc. There is none such. After ascertaining who the seventy-six are, the reader can further interest himself in locating those that are still living.

SHAW VS. BRANDT.—These experts, the first of whom a correspondent styles "Shaw of St. Louis," played a four-ball game at the Wyoming House, Scranton, Pa., on the 8th inst. Brandt, who averaged 28.20-35, and whose best run was 168, won by 85. His opponent's best was 117. Since the preceding was put in type, a note has come to hand from Brandt's opponent, who is Shaw of Binghamton. Having mislaid the note, we lack the initials of the gentleman's name, and are therefore unable to say whether or not he is Shaw of Springfield, Mass., who played Holden in 1873.

GALLAGHER CHALLENGES CARTER.—The winner of the second prize in the late Cleveland Tournament is after the winner of the first:

CLEVELAND, Feb. 4, 1875.

H. O. PRICE, President Ohio State Tournament.—Dear Sir:—I hereby challenge Eugene Carter for the gold badge emblematic of the three-ball championship of Ohio, and the required stake of $250. Herewith find $100, the necessary deposit, the receipt of which you will please acknowledge. Respectfully yours, THOS. J. GALLAGHER.

GONE TO ARKANSAS.—Dudley Kavanagh, about the 5th inst., left this city for the Hot Springs of Arkansas, with the view of testing the efficacy of tepid water upon rheumatism. As at the Springs there are billiard tables that both Philip Tieman of Cincinnati and John Peck of Boston have rendered frequent, it is probable that Kavanagh will occasionally be heard from while in Arkansas.

EFFLER VS. GILLETTE.—At Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., on Feb. 24, Charles Efler of Albany and Byron Gillette of Corning are to play the three-ball game, 400 points up, for $400. Gillette on this occasion will emerge from a retirement that has rendered him inconspicuous, professionally, during a period of nearly three years.

GARNIER VS. DANIELS.—Edward Daniels of Boston having made a favorable proposition to Albert Garnier, it is not unlikely that the latter will accept it. It is that Garnier give Daniels the odds of 250 in 700, three-ball game, for $250 a side, the contest to take place in Bumstead Hall, Boston.

BREVITIES.—John Farley, recovered from his recent illness, is once more abroad, and reports himself in excellent health and still in the ring..... B. Frank Dennison is reported as still under the weather..... The death of Matthew Denis has been reported from Philadelphia, but veteran reputates all knowledge of Philadelphia, and assures his friends that he has not enjoyed better health in eighty-seven years. He is still in charge at Lotos & Murphy's..... At Deanes' room, Brooklyn, on Feb. 10, Clark E. Wilson was to have played Mac of John T. Reeve's room, this city, the best in twenty-one fifteen-ball pool games for $50 a side. Mac was on hand, but Wilson forfeited..... At Mackenzie's room, Brooklyn, on the 11th, Wilson and Charles Stearns played the Mexican game of pool, twelve games of 15 up. The betting was 15 to 10 on Wilson, and this enabled his opponent to quit even. This game is creating quite a furor in Brooklyn..... According to an invitation received at this office too late to be availed of, Rudolphe and Ubassy were to have given an exhibition on the 11th inst., at Isaac Danenberg's room, 99 Avenue C..... Walter Lage, Eng., has challenged Matt Parr, Jr., to a game of billiards, 1,000 points up, at A. R. Samuells' room some night this week. The same gentlemen have already figured in one match, Mr. C. being beaten by 10 points in a four-ball game..... It is stated that Francois Ubassy has brought suit against Matthew Delaney for $900, due on a contract. It is well known that Ubassy, when on May 30, 1874, he sailed from this city for France, was to bring Maurice Vignaux with him. He returned on Oct. 8, and Vignaux accompanied him. It now appears that the two were under engagement to Delaney for two months and a half after their arrival, for which time, during which they were to play when and where Mr. D. should designate, they were to receive $2,500. Vignaux won the first prize in the November tournament, and Ubassy tied Sloason. Vignaux's prize amounted to $1,351.44, and Ubassy's to $122.62. From the larger sum Vignaux deducted his $1,250 due under the contract, passing the surplus $101.44 over to Ubassy, who, thus receiving $224.06, was short $1,025.94. This sum is what is due Ubassy, assuming that the statement as to the distribution of prizes is correct. It thus appears that Vignaux and Ubassy were playing for hire, and not for prizes; and that the $2,500 purse announced as given by Mr. Delaney was but visionary, unless neither Ubassy nor Vignaux won a prize; and it also appears that this is the second tournament held in this city in which Ubassy has been a contestant for hire, while the other competitors had to win their money. Mr. Delaney's answer will probably be that neither Vignaux nor Ubassy fulfilled his contract, which is undeniable, if there was any contract. Time tries all; and we, who have pointed out the weak points in the system of two pay championship matches, ever since public billiard-playing in this country was first turned over to foreign experts, find ourselves indicated every little while. A trial in the Marine Court of this city would, and it is fair to be foreshadowed that it will be as interesting as that of February 17, 1871, when Mortimer Humphrey was nonsuited A. P. Rudolphe, the latter's counsel declaring that the bringing in Brooklyn are gaining ground. Three are announced for this week. The East River blockade makes the public-room traffic very light in Brooklyn..... Budd Scofield, who has been out of the billiard business for nearly two years, proposes to return to it..... Nell Bryant is still searching real-estate bulletins for a suitable billiard-room location downtown, and is hopeful of locating before April closes..... Rudolphe and Vignaux, not unmindful of the eminent services of Washington, will celebrate his birthday on Monday next by playing a match for $2,000.

CHAMPIONSHIP NO. 2.—The game between Rudolphe and Vignaux, for the medal typical of "the championship of America," is to take place at Tammany Hall on Tuesday night, Feb. 23. It would not be a difficult thing for these players to change places. If Vignaux loses the game of Monday night, he becomes "champion of the world" in place of Rudolphe; and if Rudolphe wins the game of Tuesday night, having lost that of Monday, he becomes "champion of America," in lieu of Vignaux. The wonder is that the magnates of billiards should permit such a state of facts to be possible.

SWEEPSTAKES SHOOTING.—A pigeon-shooting sweepstakes is to take place at Seely Smith's Watson House, Babylon, L. I., on Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday, the entrance to which is $25, each member to shoot at twenty-five stiggle birds, 27yds rise, 1¼oz. shot, any guns allowed, and Hurlingham rules to govern. As all comers, it is expected that the crack shots of Philadelphia, New Jersey and New York will enter, and some capital shooting may be anticipated. Ira A. Paine will furnish the birds.

CROW-SHOOTING is all the rage in Harford County, Md., at present, the authorities, with an eye to the public weal, having made it both pleasurable and financially profitable by passing a law giving 6¼ cents for each and every crow's head delivered to them. A few days ago an enthusiastic marksman named Charles E. Chamberlin brought to them the heads of 336 of the black pests, which he had, we are told, bagged in one day.

GEORGE SMITH AND ANDY SHORS defeated Wm. Patton and Gus Furney in a pigeon match, for $100 a side, shot at Canton, O., Feb. 11. Each man fired at nine birds, and the score at the finish was 13 to 12, two of Patton's killed birds falling dead out of bounds.

THE RING.

PROF. J. W. CRAM of Northampton, Mass., teacher of sparring, fencing, etc., there and at the colleges in Amherst and Easthampton, committed suicide by poison, in the Nyosset House, Springfield, Feb. 1. Depression of spirits, arising from financial trouble, impelled him to take his life. He was well known in the Bay State, where he had many friends, who will be pained to hear of his death under such distressing circumstances.

CONSTABLE HARRY HYATT desires us to return his sincere thanks to those who so kindly assisted at his recent benefit in Filly.

HARRY JENNINGS is notified of a letter addressed to him in our care.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Joe Coburn and Geo. Ogden.

AMATEUR BICYCLE MATCH.—A twenty-five mile match on bicycles, for a silver cup valued at twenty-five guineas, between H. P. Whiting (the amateur champion) and Keith Falconer of Trinity College, Cambridge, came off at the Lillie-bridge Grounds, London, Eng., Jan. 25. Owing to heavy rain in the morning the track was in fair condition only. Falconer bestrode a machine with a driving wheel of 60 inches diameter, while Whiting was mounted on one which had a wheel of 54 inches. J. Inwards, captain of the London Bicycle Club, acted as starter, and Falconer at once went in front. For the first five miles the Cambridge champion held the lead, but Whiting in the third lap of the seventh mile went in front, only to be repassed almost directly. Half the distance was completed by Falconer in 52min. 15sec., Whiting being one second behind. In going along the second lap of the fourteenth mile Whiting put on a spurt, and once more went in front, but slipping one of his feet off the treadles, Falconer again gave him the go-by. Previous to this point up to the finish no second in the round the ground in the final mile the Cantab lay slightly in advance, but in the last lap Whiting left his man as though he were standing still, and, finishing at a tremendous pace, won by nine lengths, in the full time being 1h. 41m. 16½sec. Falconer taking 1h. 41m. 28sec. to complete the distance.

AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR OF 1874.—This is the latest addition to the list of annual publications by *The Turf, Field and Farm*, New York Park, besides giving full summaries of the chief trotting and running races in 1874, the volume furnishes a list of the thoroughbred foals of last year, presents the entries for the stakes of 1875-6, and, finally, gives a table of fastest time at different distances. The attention of the publishers is respectfully called to the fact that, by an omission in the text, Luh's 2:16¾, which appears in the body of the work (page 547), has been substantially consigned to oblivion, and, per consequence, the mare is by this oversight credited with but one victory last season.

SKATING.—Hardly ever before has there been such facilities afforded residents of the metropolis for skating as there have been this Winter. The North and East Rivers have furnished glittering fields of ice for skaters several times during the embargo we have recently had. The ball is up at all the regular resorts, and, despite the low figure of the thermometer, the sport is enjoyed by large crowds every afternoon. There is to be a carnival on the Capitoline Lake on Wednesday, if the weather is fair.

CAPT. J. S. ROEBUCK, superintendent of the Young Men's Gymnasium, Cincinnati, O., informs us that at the annual exhibition, held Jan. 15, John M. Cannon, aged 20, lifted 1,250lb on the health-lift machine—full weight, by actual test; and that Andy Cutler raised himself chin-high with the little finger of his left hand four times.

AMUSEMENTS.

CHOICE NEW MUSIC.
VOCAL—"Tell Me Truly, Little Darling," price 40cts.; "Jim Fisk; or He Never Went Back on the Poor," 40cts.; "Will You Sometimes Think of Me?" 35cts.; "Oh, Take Me to a Ladies' Concert" song, with photograph, 50cts.; "Let Me Dream of Home, Sweet Home," 40cts.; "Don't Go Near the Bar-room, Father, and "Father Dear, Do Not Swear," temperance songs, 40cts. each; "I Love Thee Still the Same" (as sung in Divorce) 35cts.; "Mother, Let the Angels In," 40cts. INSTRUMENTAL—Ladies' Choice Mazourka, Fairy Dream Waltz, Success Mazourka, and Rising Sun Mazourka, 30cts. each. Any of the above pieces will be sent, postpaid, upon receipt of price, by addressing F. W. HELMICK, Music Dealer, 278 West 6th street, Cincinnati, O. 47-1t*

IMPORTANT TO MAGICIANS.
I want a good magician for a season of three months, with privilege of renewal. One who can give three complete changes of programme; must have stage curtains. Address, giving length of performance, weight of baggage and lowest terms, HARRY WESTON,
47-1t* Moline House, Moline, Ill.

WORRELL SISTERS AND SAM ADA,
in Burlesque, GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, March 1. 47-1t*

BALLOON ASCENSIONS. The advertiser will make an engagement with a circus or other enterprise to make Balloon Ascensions the coming season. Address AERIAL, care CLIPPER Office. 47-1t*

CIRCUS MANAGERS
wishing good BRASS AND STRING BAND of from nine (9) to twelve (12) pieces for the
COMING TENTING SEASON
will do well to address
RUY DRAKE,
47-1t* Chillicothe, Livingston County, Missouri.

BROWNS! BROWNS! BROWNS!
The unprecedented increase in the Brown family, to which I have not recently contributed, and the professional success of my Brown Minstrels, has furnished glittering fields of ice for skaters several times during the embargo we have recently had. The ball is up at all the regular resorts, and, despite the low figure of the thermometer, the sport is enjoyed by large crowds every afternoon. There is to be a carnival on the Capitoline Lake on Wednesday, if the weather is fair.
Minstrel wigs, $12 a doz. Wigs sent C. O. D. to all parts of the United States. J. MAGORY, 191 Greene st., New York. N. B.—Late of
BARNUM'S HIPPODROME. 1t*

TO AUTHORS.
WANTED.
AN ORIGINAL SENSATIONAL DRAMA,
with strong serio-comic part for recognized male star Address, with outline of plot, incidents, etc., VERITAS, Station B, N. Y. 47-1t*

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
Indianapolis, Ind.
For time during Summer season, beginning May 3, or for the regular season Sept. 1, 1875, address
47-19t DANIEL MACAULEY, Indianapolis.

GREAT SUCCESS
OF
THE MARVELOUS
FAUST FAMILY,
who since their arrival in this country have fulfilled the following successful engagements: Olympic, New York; Front-street, Baltimore; Trimble's, Pittsburg; Operahouse, Rochester; Theatre Comique, Detroit; New Adelphi, Chicago; Theatre Comique, St. Louis. Now with Kiralfy's great Spectacular Drama, THE DELUGE.
OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.
Decidedly the finest exhibition of tumbling we have ever seen in this city was given by the Faust Family—three in number. The feats they perform are not only startling, but wonderful. In the former they are well worth a visit to the Opera-house.—ROCHESTER DEMOCRAT, Dec. 29, 1874.
TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES.—The wonderful Faust Family, who are now under engagement at this jolly place of amusement, certainly deserve the great success they have met here. Their performances are surprising for nerve, agility and precision, and probably nothing so neat, and graceful as well, has ever been seen on the variety stage.—PITTSBURG DISPATCH, Dec. 17.
At liberty for their great act for the tenting season. Address care of CLIPPER Office, or IMRE KIRALFY. 47-1t*

TO CIRCUS MANAGERS
The famous THEODORE LOYAL (Barnum's flying-trapeze performer) wishes an engagement in the CIRCUS LINE for himself and wife for the coming traveling season. Both are first-class pad-horse riders, and Loyal throws an incredible number of somersets, forward and backward, in succession. They have performed for years in the main circuses of Europe. Address THEODORE LOYAL, 48 Amity street, New York. 47-1t*

CIRCUS LIGHTS.
KIDDS'
PATENT LIGHTS
are the
CHEAPEST, BEST AND MOST DURABLE.
SOLE AGENTS,
TAYLOR & BASSEMIR,
47-13t* 97 Cliff street, N. Y.

MICKEY DOYLE,
CLOG AND SONG-AND-DANCE ARTIST,
desires an engagement for the Tenting Season.
47-2t* Address care of CLIPPER Office.

WANTED, A SITUATION AS E-FLAT CORNET or solo alto flute and piccolo. Address
47-1t* FRANK ROSS, care of CLIPPER Office.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, ST. JOHN, N. B., AND HALIFAX THEATRE, HALIFAX, N. S.
Messrs. Lanergan and Nannery, having leased the above Theatres for the coming Spring and Summer season, are prepared to receive applications from professionals of ability. To save time, state lowest salary. Silence may be considered a negative. First-class Combinations treated with.
47-2t* J. W. LANERGAN, WM. NANNERY.

CARD.
C. A. POTTER.—The Alleghanians wish to thank you for the untiring energy in filling the position of advance agent for the past three months. We would have wished you to continue with us to the Pacific Coast, but, at your own request, you not being posted in that section of the States, we engaged Mr. F. R. Culley. We can say that should you wish, you can join us on our return to Omaha in the Spring. We can highly recommend you as a close contractor and A MOST VALUABLE AGENT.
D. G. WALDRON, Manager
47-1t* The Alleghanians.

HARRY PEASE IS DISENGAGED, and can be secured by responsible managers for LEADING or HEAVY BUSINESS. Address care of T. W. BISHOP, 204 Eighth avenue, N. Y. City. 47-1t*

TRAINING HORSES TO DO TRICKS.
By having the HORSE EQUALIZER, with the instructions that accompany each package, you can teach a horse to do the tricks now done by CIRCUS HORSES.
There can be no chance of failure if the directions are followed. Send stamp for circular before purchasing, to Secretary Cambridge Chemical Works, Box 21, Brooklyn, N. Y. Price $2 per package. 47-2t*

MENAGERIE TO RENT.
A complete menagerie of animals, consisting of the best performing den of lions in America; lioness and five whelps two weeks old; leopards, hyenas, panthers, sacred cattle, buffalo, camels, etc., performing elephants, and other animals, too numerous to mention, making 14 cages. All nearly new, which will be rented in one or two lots. For sale, 2 pairs lions, 2 deer, and 3 elk. Parties wishing to rent or buy will do well to call on J. M. FRENCH, Detroit, Mich. Reference: H. L. Stebbins, 58 Ann st., N. Y. 47-1t

CARD.
EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—I desire, through the columns of your paper, to return my sincere thanks to the B. P. Order of Elks of New York, to Messrs. T. E. Donnelly, Billy Hart, Archie Hughes and other members of the theatrical profession, for their unremitting attention and kindness to my late husband, John C. Campbell, during his long illness; for their extreme generosity in assuming all the duties connected with his burial, and for the many favors shown me both before and since his decease. Very respectfully,
MRS. JOHN C. CAMPBELL.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 13, 1875. 47-1t*

ED. AND CARRIE CHRISSIE,
CHARACTER SPECIALISTS AND DUOLOGUE SKETCH AND DRAMATIC ARTISTS,
are at liberty. Address 58 Bleecker street, cor. Crosby, New York. Would like an engagement with first-class variety or concert and

"UNCLE SCHNEIDER"
At the Opera-Boufe.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "MARK QUENCHER" PAPERS.

Lofely ladies mit dheir ankles
Shtickin out in qvite blain view,
Singin' cheeky 'bout some actions
Vich dhey didn't ought to do!

Jolly drinkin-songs—a-praisin
Lager, vine und eferydinc—
Sung mit such a shtartling vigor
Like dhey know 'bout vot dhey sing!

Moosic werry nice and smashy,
Und I shpose qvite werry hard;
But my heart vas got no gomfort—
I didn't heard der "Moolgan Guard!"

Soldier-songs by soldier-"supers,"
Dhin-legged, but a noble gang,
Who, vhile boldly marching, always
Smashed dheir heads togedder, bang!

Now vas come der ugly baba,
Mit a woice from down his toes,
Und a nose quite vild und shternful,
Schwearing wenge-ance to his foes.

Sveet young feller poor und pooty,
Mit a werry tenor dhroat,
Beggin for der olt man's daughter
On a werry high-up note!

Pooty daughter dressed so coolful,
Mit a low-necked shirt so qveer,
Cut up high apofe der ankles,
Und mit both ends werry near!

Down she shkips right on der footlamps,
Und mit stage-tears in her nose,
In der key of K-flat major
Her soprance out her woes!

Vhen der ugly baba leaves dhem,
Dhen, so shmart voost like two mice,
Der go huggin, while she vhispers
"Naughty, but qvite werry nice!"

But my gracious! how badlucky!
Vhile he's huggin her sveet ear,
All at vonce a grate big bass note
Tells der *bass* "old man" vas here!

Now *he* begs a tenor bardon,
Vhile high yells mit her agree,
Baba cusain his poor daughter
Vay down to the "double G!"

But look now for vild oxcitements—
Dot's der "cancan" loose und free;
Drums und cymbals smashin' vildly,
Like vos someding now to see.

Dancers gittin' kinder kicky,
Showin' legs of efery size;
Young mens now a-squintin' sharpful—
Gray-head vons also likevise.

Eferyron a-kickin' lively,
Heels shere heads dhem ought to bin;
Legs a-shtickin' out all oder,
Like in no grace it big sin!

House all full from dome to roof,
Faces far from dull or van,
Lookin' at dhose kickin' gals
Mit no chest-brotectors on!

Jumpy tunes, und smashy moosic,
Vimmens in dheir coshtoom,
All a-shmoodin' oder nice der
Bleasant voice of obera boof!

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE;
OR,
WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

CHAPTER XVII.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
Bay-mourning for his master on the near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming and look brighter when we come. —BYRON.

Edward Temple, with a physician, who accompanied Francis Hopetown, was following the invalid carriage in a Newport Pagnal. Both heard Ellen Temple's cry, and, lashing the full-blooded young horse into a gallop, appeared at the carriage window before the coachman could bring the ponderous vehicle to a full stop.

Ellen had Frank's head pillowed on her breast, a look of terror was on her face, and her eyes rained tears down upon his upturned brow.

"Mrs. Hopetown, what is the matter?" asked the physician, going at once to his patient and placing him in a reclining position.

"Dead!" moaned Ellen. "Francis, Francis!"

"Do not distress yourself, Mrs. Hopetown; your husband is not dead. Fatigue and excitement have made him swoon. There is no cause for alarm."

Restoratives were at once administered, and in less than twenty minutes the carriage proceeded towards the park through the village.

News of the arrival of the master of Craythorpe had preceded Frank, and the villagers and tenantry had flocked out to greet him, to offer him welcome and good wishes in a most silent, almost solemn way, that proved how deeply they felt for their young master in his present condition.

At a slow pace the cortege proceeded; the rustics lined the way, and, bare-headed, cast longing, wistful glances into the windows of the invalid's carriage.

"Bow to them, Nell," said Frank, who heard the murmur of their voices. "Let them see you, my pet."

Ellen, smiling—for she knew this was said in admiration of her beauty, an admiration which Francis fondly believed everybody else must experience—drew close to the open windows of the carriage and bowed to the simple-hearted, hard-toiling rustic folk, to whom she would have been as a mother to a large flock who looked forward hopefully to the guidance, the charity, and the counsel of this young creature.

The bells of the ancient church, the patrimony of a Craythorpe in commemoration of the Reformation, pealed merrily, as merrily as they had ever done when clanging their loud-toned welcome to the new master of Craythorpe.

A deepening murmur of admiration and a waving of hats and handkerchiefs responded to Ellen's smiling acknowledgment of their kindly greeting.

At the park gates the crowd was very dense. The rector was there to greet his new patron, who, like the tenantry, had not seen this young man since he came as a pale, pretty-faced boy, who used to ride a shaggy-coated pony, and trespass upon other people's lands to fish, not because the fishing was better there than in the Craythorpe streams, but because there was a strong vein of contrariness in every boy's nature, and he loves that most which is prohibited.

At the gate there was something of a demonstration. The carriage halted, and the rector, a kindly-looking old gentleman, who looked the very embodiment of the Vicar of Wakefield, stepped up to the carriage door, which was opened for him, and, after paying his respects to Ellen, turned a face full of sorrow and emotion to the invalid.

He addressed a few simple words of welcome to Frank and murmured a prayer, whose brevity did not spoil its pathos, for the speedy recovery of Francis Hopetown.

Voices began to murmur in the crowd.

"How's maister, yer reverence?" cried some of the more anxious faces peered over the shoulders of others in front.

The rector's benign face was turned towards them, when a cry arose, then he turned his head away and spoke to someone within the carriage. A few moments' dead stillness, and the anxious faces grew more anxious.

Were they who had so long looked forward to this day to be disappointed and see nothing of their new mistress and master? For most of the good people gathered about the park gates were the laborers and agriculturists employed directly on the estate, and who had manifested bitterly under the tyranny of the farm bailiffs and the trustee, a county attorney.

The rector addressed the people in a very few words, saying that the master of Craythorpe, though stricken down, would, by the blessing of Heaven, soon recover and be amongst them.

There was a cheer which swelled into a roar when Ellen's sweet face appeared at the carriage window, and the carriage drove on.

The servants were all waiting at the door of the splendid house. There was no bustle or confusion. The physician and Edward Temple had ridden on in advance, and everything necessary for the invalid's reception had been done.

With what gladness and pride did Frank find himself here, master of Cayvthorpe, which had seen so many generations in and as many out, which for centuries had sent its direct heir to represent it in Parliament, and nobly upheld the dignity of the house and the constitution of the country.

Ellen, too, felt a glow of triumph and unspeakable joy at being mistress here. What course was open to her now? what a life fate had allotted her! and in return for what?—a pure woman's love, a devotion unreward boy who had been all but wrecked in the dangerous channels of dissipation.

"My first visit must not be a long one," said Edward, "nor will it, I fancy, be the least happy of the visits to come."

"Nor the most happy, Edward," answered Ellen.

"I hope not."

"You have no fear of Frank's recovery, then?"

"None. Why should I, when his physician is so confident of his speedy recovery? No, my child; you have everything to be thankful for, as one of the happiest and luckiest of Dame Fortune's chosen few."

"But poor dear Frank's troubles are not yet over. His stepmother is a bold woman, and her son, I fancy, an unscrupulous man."

Edward smiled.

"There is little to fear from either. The most that can happen is some heavy law expenses, which are absolutely necessary for the adjustment of the claim."

"And John Hopetown?"

"He will very soon be unseated, Nell. Sooner than he expects," replied Edward, who, in his bold way, had fully made up his mind to trample under foot all the difficulties which had been so mercilessly woven round the young master of Craythorpe.

Down here, away from the worry of his enemies, Frank began speedily to pick up again. As his mind became tranquil his strength returned. In three days he was taking a drive with Ellen over the estates; on the fifth day he was out again, and on Sunday drove through the village to church.

The church was crowded. The fame of Ellen's beauty and queenly glance and affability had spread, had gone far and wide; Frank's interesting illness, added to the attempts of his enemies to injure him, had set rampant curiosity on the qui vive. All Craythorpe flocked to the church to catch a glimpse of the young and handsome pair—the boyish master, and splendid, child-like mistress of the ancient home of the Craythorpes.

Frank's elegant figure and poetical, handsome face won the hearts of the ladies, while his simple earnestness in prayer, his attention and devotion to his young wife, made him popular with the men. It required now only his perfect convalescence for him to be lionized.

The deep interest that was manifested in his behalf made a lasting impression upon him. He was not forgotten by the minister, who offered a thanksgiving for his recovery.

"This is the second step in a new life, Nell," said Frank, as they drove back to Craythorpe. "I think they may make a rational being and a Christian of me, after all.

"What was the first step in your new life?" asked Ellen.

"Marrying you, my pet."

"And yet it has brought trouble upon you."

"I sha'n be none the worse for that, Nell. A little real trouble seasons a man's energies and makes him feel better for the trial. What say you, Ned?"

"A man should be tried a little, Frank. One who has never known a trouble would possibly be somewhat heartless and selfish and thoughtless to those who had."

"Yes, and I contemplate with horror that growing passion of this bitter age."

"Which?"

"Selfishness," answered Frank. "I have from mere choice seen more of the struggles and trials of our poor brethren than people think, and for the struggling man this is a repeal a bitter age."

"And a selfish one," said Edward, who was thinking of his journey to London on the morrow and what he had to do. His mental vision still dwelt on Amy's diary. He was thinking of Ruhl and of the purpose that was to bring them together again. He did not trouble Frank with these affairs now. It was unnecessary until his presence would be required.

Before he left Craythorpe on the following morning Frank sent for him.

"I should like a few words with you, old boy," he said. "I know you are hastening back on my affairs. I don't know what I should have done without you, my dear old Ned."

"I rather fancy that it was something more than chance that sent me back here amongst you," replied Edward, "and at such a time. Was it only chance, too, that so threw me and John Hopetown together?"

"Surely no. However much we may be laughed at for fatalists, I cannot but believe, with Shakespeare, that there are stranger things existing in this world than come between Heaven and our philosophy."

"I am afraid that custom overthrows reason far too much in these commonplace times."

"Or blunts our faith in the higher order of things. It is the age of naturalism. For myself, I believe the mind capable of a separate existence, else where would be those almost divine inspirations which have brought men out of the ruck of obscurity and the slough of ignorance to make them shine as masters in the higher professions, which have denoted art and literature—the brightest gems of civilization throughout the nations of Europe?"

"I used to feel such sentiments once Frank, but such a life as I have led blunts the higher susceptibilities of the mind."

"I can understand that, Ned. By the way, what is that scrap of paper you are so carefully nursing up there?"

"It is the placard bearing the description of the man whom John Hartpool and Charles Ruhl found drowned in the Serpentine."

"Brinsley Congreve, poor fellow."

"Yes," said Edward, with a strange smile. "Did you ever read it?"

"No. And why do you keep it?"

"I will tell you. Read it over carefully first."

Frank took the placard, and read it with some interest.

"Well," he said, "the description accords with what I remember Congreve to have been."

"But he was like your cousin, was he not?"

"Yes, in style, height and build. The resemblance was not striking when they were together, but apart it was noticeable."

"Then they were alike, and relations, were they not?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Because," said Edward Temple, gravely and impressively, "the scar upon the neck and the other on the lower part of the thigh are the marks by which I and many others could swear identity to John Hopetown. He received the scar on the neck when with me on a visit to Biljoy's ranche on our travels down West."

"Great Heavens!" cried Frank, starting up on his couch, and remaining in a sitting posture. "Do you mean to even hint that Congreve and his friend murdered poor John and robbed him, that his body should be identified as that of another?"

"The case looks black, Frank, and, but that I have met some remarkable coincidences which make me believe in Fate, I should say that there had been a cold-blooded conspiracy and a deliberate murder. On the other hand, it is possible that poor John at last sought that refuge from despair, that eternal rest for which his weary heart had so long yearned."

"Heaven grant that of the two it may be the latter," said Frank, who had scarcely recovered from the horror of this dreadful discovery. "But it will be hard to make the world believe them guiltless should your suspicions prove correct."

"Then you still doubt this man to be an impostor."

"I cannot think that so many of us could be deceived in such a manner."

"My dear Frank, with John Hopetown dead and buried in the name of his neglected friend, his watch, and perhaps documents of some material use in carrying out the fraud, in the possession of his relation, there is very little difficulty in deceiving John Hopetown's oldest friends, who could do it better than Brinsley Congreve, who, apart from being a relation, was John Hopetown's almost daily companion for years?"

"You are accounting for the resemblance, and also for the difference in the manner of John Hopetown as you found him abroad and as he is now," said Frank.

"Precisely," smiled Edward. "And had not Providence sent John Hopetown wandering through the Far West, no one would have known of the infamous fraud, for those who, like myself, were a witness to this wound in your cousin's neck, would never have thought of questioning the impostor upon it, and the resemblance, together with the lapse of years and the difference in the circumstances, would have sufficiently misled such casual acquaintances."

"But after all, my dear Ned, we are merely talking on surmise or upon an undiscovered fact."

"Can we doubt the fact or the discovery of the fact when we look at the terrible amount of proof-positive evidence of the conspiracy, and of the certainty that John Hopetown, alias John Hartpool, is none other than Brinsley Congreve?"

"John Hartpool?" queried Frank, still more bewildered.

"Aye; I must tell you something, Frank, that you don't yet know. After the the suicide of the supposed Brinsley Congreve, Charles Ruhl took home a friend whom he called John Hartpool. Both Nell and Amy were struck by the appearance of this man. He stayed some days in the house. They therefore had plenty of opportunity of marking his manner and becoming accustomed to his face. Upon inquiry I learned that he was never seen there again and had gone abroad."

"I fail still to see the connection."

"Wait. I felt curious about this man, and from what I heard and learnt from very unexpected quarters I felt more curious about this person. I asked Amy if she could recognize him again. She was positive of it, she said; so, without telling her my intention, I took her into the park and strolled about until we came full upon your supposed cousin. The recognition was complete. I merely saluted and passed on, and asked Amy if she knew the gentleman; she said 'Oh, yes, it is Mr. John Hartpool.'"

"Strange, very strange! Upon my word, Ned, you would make a splendid detective. I should never have thought of that."

"I did still more, Frank; I did exactly the same with Nell. She recognized him too. There was no hesitation, no doubt. John Hartpool, she said, and I was convinced."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"I am going to London to get the dead man's clothes."

"But where are they?"

"Locked up in Charles Ruhl's strong-box at Kennington."

"Ned," said Frank, his color rising with his temper, "by Heaven, this infamous fraud shall be exposed; and as to Congreve, his life is forfeit, I hunt him down. They intended showing me no mercy; I will show them none. I think I shall soon get better after this, and yet," he added regretfully, "had Congreve come to me I would have made good the forgetfulness of his relations in providing nothing for him, in the name of his neglected friend."

"Keep yourself quiet, Frank, until you hear from me. Unless I am very much mistaken I shall find undeniable proof of all that I have suspected."

"And may you prove too that it has not been murder," said Frank, as he shook hands with Edward. "Heaven bless you, old fellow. I did not think when I found so sweet a wife that I should find a generous and brave-hearted brother."

"Who is working for a sweet sister and a generous, honorable young brother, for whom I would risk my life."

And so for a time they parted.

The journey from Craythorpe to London was by no means so slow as the journey down. He had but little time to spare if he wished to be in possession of the documentary evidence upon which he hoped to convict Charles Ruhl at the examination.

Edward Temple went home to the dull-looking house at Kennington, and to his astonishment found Amy there. She had been sent up by Mrs. Temple, who required some of her personal effects to be sent down to Sydenham.

Amy had changed terribly. Her large eyes looked larger than ever, her face was deadly pale and pinched, and her lips were of the same color. Edward, one who had suffered the most excruciating mental torture, and Edward involuntarily divined the cause.

There was a curious smell of burnt paper pervading the room; Edward looked for the cause and found it in the grate—a heap of charred paper filled the fireplace, and in the fender were the remains of the cover of a diary which had been torn piecemeal.

"Amy," said Edward very gravely, "you have done well in destroying that thing. Its publicity would have brought you into this terrible affair, and you would have been the means of destroying the man you love."

"O Edward! poor, poor Charles!" cried Amy, with such a heart-wrung wail that her brother's cheeks blanched. Then her old spirit rose, her eyes flashed, and she clutched Edward by the arm: "Tell me," she said, with the old, old look upon her startled face, "you have seen it, you have put him in prison. O Edward, Heaven forgive you!"

"Amy, what are you saying? This is madness of yours. Get what you want and let me take you back to Sydenham."

"No, Edward, I will not go back to-night."

And her mother, knowing by this time the danger of opposing this turbulent temper, turned sadly away.

But he was not turned from his purpose. There was a great wrong to be righted, and he meant to right it.

Early the following morning he appeared before a magistrate and asked that a constable should accompany him, with a warrant to search Charles Ruhl's boxes—the prisoner now in custody, he explained—and the application was granted at once.

He took the officer back with him, a man in plain clothes. Ruhl's boxes were searched. The coat made by Sailor & Co. of Ottawa, was found, and a pair of light trousers by Asquith of Bombay. These Edward gave over to the officer.

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Guilty or not, Charles Ruhl presented a very bold front in the dock. He was calm and stolid as ever, grave and earnest, and had public opinion been his judge then, he would have been acquitted before the evidence had been heard. That pale, handsome, straight-faced young man, with his fine figure and gentlemanly deportment, guilty of felony! Impossible!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Alas! the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.—BYRON.

When the defendant's name, age and address had been taken down, the counsel for the prosecution, Mr. Sergeant Valentine, adjourned the case in a way that, without going at once into details, hinted so strongly at such dark and fearful doings that the suspicions raised against Ruhl were worse in effect than the positive knowledge of the enormity of his crimes.

The learned pleader commenced by declaring his utter inability to go fully into the case to-day. Evidence of a terrible nature had suddenly come to light, bringing the blackest charges against the prisoner. Amongst them were those of conspiring to defraud Francis Craythorpe Hopetown, now defendant in the will case of "Hopetown versus Hopetown," which case was now pending, of robbing the unfortunate gentleman who committed suicide by throwing himself into the River Serpentine on such and such a date, and of willfully and unlawfully concealing the suicide's identity with criminal intent to impose a stranger upon the Hopetowns as the lost heir.

As the learned sergeant proceeded, Charles Ruhl changed color visibly. He was startled and bewildered. The counsel's perfect knowledge of the terrible affair filled him with wonder and dread.

Sergeant Valentine then went on to say that he must crave for an adjournment, as the defendant's accomplice had already been served with a writ to appear before the Judge in chambers to answer the charge of personation, and he felt it his duty to wait until such a time as he could bring them together on the criminal charge of fraud and conspiracy. He also prayed that bail would not be allowed.

The counsel for the defense then rose. He had not been informed of the magnitude of the case, he said. He was totally unprepared for these charges, but still felt confident that he could clear the defendant with little difficulty at the next hearing of the case, and trusted that bail would be accepted, as it would be impossible for justice to be done to his client were he not allowed perfectly free intercourse with him.

After some deliberation, bail was accepted, two sureties in one thousand each, and Ruhl in one thousand, and the case was remanded for a week.

It was a heavy bail; heavy as it was, it had been accepted. Charles Ruhl, who had borne his first spell of imprisonment with his usual philosophical stolidity, dreaded a second turn. His heart welled within him at the thought, and when he heard that bail was taken, he staggered rather than walked from the court.

He remained with his friends and counsel but a very few minutes, getting away as unobserved as he could. He drove off in a hansom. His first desire was drink.

His mouth had hardened, and there was a dark inner light in his eyes; he looked at his hand, it was steady.

"Charles Ruhl is not beaten yet," he said mentally, and with that curiously slow smile that never stayed a second after it was formed. "But I must find out who is against me—her brother or her husband."

He glanced at his seared and scared hand, a darker shade overspread his face, and lifted the glass to his lips with his left hand. He had driven to a house where he was unknown and ordered a bottle of champagne and the best cigar they could sell him, and over which he made a wry face, in spite of the cigar costing ninepence.

Then came the long, long restlessness. The hour of trial had come, and but for the slight effects of his late solitary confinement he would have been as calm, as strong-nerved and as phlegmatic as ever.

When he had finished the champagne, Charles Ruhl returned to his cab and drove on to Kennington.

"This is no time to absent myself," he thought. "If Temple or his mother is there I must meet them. If the Evil One has to be faced, face him."

When he reached the dull house, so dreary to him now, to his astonishment he found Amy there. She had but just come in, apparently. She met him in the hall, and with outstretched arms flew towards him.

"O Charles! dear, dear Charles, I have been watching and waiting for you, and the time seemed so long."

Ruhl took her face in his hands and kissed her as he did in the old days—old—and yet his happiness, his love—born, nourished and blighted—his glimpse of wealth, all had happened in a little over a year.

"I wonder if she knows anything," he thought. Amy had pulled him into the parlor and forced him into a chair. Her very first words proved that she knew too well what had happened to him.

"Why did you not come on here when you left that dreadful place? I was there."

"You, Amy?" cried he, aghast.

"Yes; I found it all out for myself. Oh, how I hated that Mr. Valentine. Why does he hate you so?"

"Hate me, my pet? He does not hate me; he never saw me before in my life."

"Then why did the horrid thing want you to be shut up again?"

"My child, he is paid to paint me as black as possible, to prove me guilty if possible."

"And can he? Oh, Charles, if he does! And he might! What would you do then? Do not stay—do not, Charles. The police have been here and searched your boxes, and they know everything. Fly as once do, I pray you, dearest, dearest Charles; and, oh, think of me, of what I shall suffer if they put you away. I could not bear it, and I could not part from you forever. Oh, dearest Charles, leave the country and take me with you."

"Child!"

Ruhl leapt up with something of horror and amazement on his face.

"Charles, Charles, I love you; I have always loved you before you began to love Ellen."

"Amy, silence!" he said sternly.

She shrank from him as if he had been an ogre, white and trembling and sick at heart. She crouched back from him, startled, heart-stricken, with numbed senses and staring eyes, so terrible had Charles Ruhl, the idol of her young life, changed to her.

"Great Heavens, Amy," he cried, altering his tone and softening in manner, "can I believe my senses? Oh, my poor child, you do not know what you say. Love me? I, who will go down to a hunted felon? Amy, I will speak to you as I would to a woman. Think, then, of your sister and your mother. Surely you must know all, the dark and terrible game I have played."

"For Ellen's sake. It was daring and brave," cried Amy, rallying. "You only schemed and planned and worked, after all. Many do the same and succeed; but the law does not call it fraud and conspiracy in their case."

"Amy, Amy, would you shield me? I had hoped that you at least would not have known of this. I have been mad, Heaven knows how wrong, how sinful, and all through my hateful ambition. I used to dream of the time to come when I should have completed my scheme, when I should have bravely piloted my ship home, no one suspecting me, no one knowing me to be other than what I seemed. But the whole course has been beset with unseen dangers, my ship is wrecked at the very moment I felt safe in the calm that surrounded us. I have lost. I must suffer; but, my darling child, I will not add that sin to the many already to be answered for, the sin of blighting your young life and embittering your existence, for in these days, Amy, there is no safe refuge from the law but—death."

"And you, Charles; what will you do?"

"Surrender to my bail—stand my trial in spite of the whole world—in the face of everything, and of heaven's justice, if you will, old fellow. I did not think when I found so sweet a wife that I should find a generous and brave-hearted brother."

"Who is working for a sweet sister and a generous, honorable young brother, for whom I would risk my life."

And so for a time they parted.

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sequious rustics, was nothing weighed in the balance against the love of erring, outcast Ruhl.

In the midst of this, Frank, who was still delicate, would be compelled to appear in London when the will case was heard.

He had already been examined by two eminent physicians who would be called upon to give evidence as to his sanity.

That had been a trying moment for Frank, but he bore it bravely, and even resisted the temptation to ask them their opinion. That could be given in court. He could wait till then.

The first hearing of the application was generally supposed to be nothing more than mere preliminary. The Widow Hopetown expected that this hearing of the case would at least throw the property into Chancery until decided by the Judge, in which case Frank would not be able to meddle any farther with the money.

Marcus Hopetown was in attendance, so were Frank and Edward Temple. When the case was called there was some excitement in court, the name Ruhl in connection with the Hopetowns had lent an interest to the case not entirely its own.

The plaintiff's case was gone into at some length. The late Ferdinand Hopetown's will was carefully gone into to show that his son, Francis Craythorpe, had willingly and knowingly broken the conditions of that will, and thereby forfeited the property which was to have been his on fulfilling the conditions stated in the will.

"What proof have you that the defendant broke the conditions of the will?" asked the Judge.

"He has acknowledged his wife, my lord. The marriage took place while he was still a minor, and there was an evident intent to defraud the executors."

"Have you proof of that?"

"The marriage was kept secret even from the lady's family, and at the risk of her good name."

"That does not prove that the marriage was kept secret for no other purpose than to defraud the executors."

The counsel, slightly annoyed at being thus quietly checked in his ardor, went on to say that the gravity of the case necessitated an adjournment, but that he begged his lordship would make an order staying the defendant from making further use of the property until judgment had been given.

Then rose the counsel for the defendant. He was a man of some eminence, with a refined humor and deep, telling pathos, that both charmed and moved his hearers in spite of themselves.

"But it is there," interrupted the Judge. "If that clause is not valid, the will is not valid."

"My lord, I must oppose that application and also an adjournment until such evidence as I have in court is heard; and I have that here which will probably throw quite another light on the matter, and probably end the case at once. There is no reason to believe that the testator ever meant that clause to be rigorously enforced."

"My lord, I do not throw a doubt on its validity. I wish simply to show that such a clause may have been inserted merely to restrain the young heir from making a mesalliance, and in this case the defendant has married a lady of gentle blood, educated and refined, and whose brother is a man of property."

"Does it say that in the will?" asked the Judge quickly.

"These may not be the exact words, my lord; but such a construction might be put upon it, seeing that after the will was made, and just before the testator's death, he left in trust with his executor, an old and valued friend, a sealed packet, sealed and signed in the presence of witnesses, and bearing these instructions:

"'To be opened should my son, Francis Craythorpe, be in trouble during his minority.'"

"Have you that sealed packet?"

"It is here, my lord. The executor has it. He is in court. It has not been opened yet. If your lordship will order it to be read ——"

"Let me see it."

There was some excitement in court now, as a gentleman stepped forward and the sealed packet was handed to the Judge, who, after scanning the exterior, asked:

"Are the witnesses, whose signatures this bears, in court?"

"They are, my lord."

"Let them been called."

Mrs. Hopetown looked at her son aghast. She had forgotten this sealed packet, until now the memory of it made her tremble. Ferdinand Hopetown would never have deposited such a thing in the hands of Frank's friends but for some strong and terrible motive.

Marcus felt an ominous dread come upon him, and he wished that these proceedings had never been instituted.

"My lord," said Mrs. Hopetown's counsel, "I think I shall not be out of order in calling my clients and examining them upon their knowledge of the existence of this sealed packet before the counsel for the defendant goes any farther into the question."

"Certainly; there is no reason why you should not."

And then Mrs. Hopetown was called. Had she heard what the counsel for the defendant had stated concerning a sealed packet? Yes, she had. Did she remember that packet when she instituted the suit? No. Had she any knowledge of it or what it contained? Nothing, none.

The counsel hesitated. He wanted to throw a doubt upon it, and was therefore afraid of going too far with this witness. The counsel for the defendant did not intend the matter to rest there.

"You say," he asked, quite prepared for a killing cross-examination, "you did not remember the packet?"

"No, I did not."

"And have no knowledge of its contents."

"None."

"Now, then, on your oath, did you not know that such a packet did exist?"

"I believed there was something of that sort."

"I ask you, on your oath, did you not know that your late husband, the testator, had placed a sealed packet in the hands of his friend, the gentleman before mentioned?"

"Yes."

"That will do."

Marcus was examined and cross-examined in the same way, and it was elicited from him that he too knew that a sealed packet had been given by his stepfather to the executor.

"Now, my lord," said the counsel for the defense, "I think I can and shall prove that there has been considerable animus shown on the part of the prosecution. Not only have the plaintiffs commenced this suit to grasp his fortune—they have gone farther, a *commission de lunatico inquirendo* having been instituted by them. I think, my lord, that there's considerable animus and unscrupulousness, too, in trying to obtain his property. I will now proceed, my lord, to call the witnesses to prove their signatures."

The witnesses were sworn and examined in turn. They swore to the signatures being theirs, and also that they had attested them in the presence of the testator and others.

The sealed packet was then handed to the counsel to read.

There was no necessity for the usher to call silence. Intense interest was awakened in every breast, all eyes were for a moment turned towards pale and delicate Francis Hopetown, who had the sympathy of everyone in court; and then in a clear voice, and with splendid delivery, the counsel read out the contents of the sealed packet:

"I, Ferdinand Gilbert Hopetown of Carisford, Grange, Devon, and Hyde-park Gardens, London, being of sound mind, do hereby revoke the clause in my will whereby my son is disinherited in the event of his marrying during his minority, or before he shall attain the age of 25, a woman married a lady of gentle culture and educated sufficiently to be his companion in the society to which he belongs.

"Feeling acutely the injudiciousness of the aforesaid clause in my will, knowing that it may put strong temptations in the way of others to become possessed of his property, I do hereby solemnly request that the following conditions be carried out in every detail for the protection and safety of my dear son, the said Francis Craythorpe.

"That, provided my wife or my stepson, Marcus Stebbertson, or both, in or not in conjunction with other persons, should attempt to lay claim to my son's, the aforesaid Francis Craythorpe's, property, by forcing him into danger or difficulties, or seeking to involve him in danger or difficulties, I do annul and declare void the clause in my will bequeathing to my wife, the said Charlotte Ann, the legacy detailed in my will of May 14, 1866, and I do hereby bequeath and devise and bequeath unto her, for her sole use and benefit, an annuity of fifteen hundred pounds, chargeable on the rents of my estate Carisford, Devon. I also devise and bequeath unto my wife, the said Charlotte Ann, the use of my residence in Hyde-park Gardens during the time of her natural life. And provided my stepson, the said Marcus Stebbertson, in conjunction or separately, or the said wife separately, as aforesaid, should attempt to lay claim to my son's, the aforesaid Francis Craythorpe's, property, or force him into danger or difficulties, or involve him in danger or difficulties, I do revoke all legacies bequeathed to him in my will of May 14, 1866."

Then followed date and signatures.

"There, my lord," cried the exultant counsel, with a glowing face, "it is human nature's weakness to gloat over victory. I think that closes the case."

A murmur went round the court. Mrs. Hopetown sat speechless and cold, as if stricken with a blight.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOW THEY SALUTE THE AMERICAN FLAG IN RIO JANEIRO.—A few days later a most ridiculous affair happened in the harbor. An ice ship from Boston entered the bay, commanded by a Captain Green, in the South American trade. Fort Santa Cruz, not recognizing his honored flag, hailed him and ordered him to "heave to." But the worthy skipper didn't speak Portuguese, and the simple statement of the name of his vessel, which he hurled at the fort, was not at all satisfactory; so a blank shot was fired as a mild suggestion for him to stop. But he called for his rocket, and, pointing it sk

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

ATTEMPTED VIOLATION OF A TRUSTING GIRL.

Neill McKay is an industrious skipper, who, with his wife and three children, winter on board the schooner Wellport, lying in the river at Twenty-second street. The eldest of his children is Minnie, a girl of sixteen, who bears the name of her own father, who is dead, and whose name was Craig. The family live in seclusion, the father keeping an eye after the well-being of the ship, the mother keeping him and looking after the affairs of her family. On Saturday morning a week ago, she suddenly opened a door, which led into a sleeping cabin on board the boat, and, sitting on the edge of a berth, she saw Minnie in tears. At sight of her mother, the child turned her tear-swollen face to the wall, and, in answer to her mother's questions, faltered some meaningless replies. The alarmed parent drew the child to her bosom, quieting her, and, after a while, succeeded in inducing her to open the overfull recesses of her heart. The story she then told was one of the most terrible which ear could listen to, and when that ear was that of the mother it may be believed that the unhappy woman was rent with grief and anger, and filled with a pain for which there was no outlet. The story of her child was that on the afternoon before she had been led into a house by a man and a woman, and by the man taken into a back room, an attempt made by him to ravish her person.

The details of the whole affair were confided to her mother, and in about an hour afterwards she dressed herself, and, calling at the police headquarters, gave information which led to the arrest of one Patrick Dignan, a fireman of Engine Co. No. 7. He was locked up at the Central Station, and this morning brought before Justice Boyden, the charge being that of an attempt at rape, Mrs. McKay and her daughter appearing on the witness-stand. Because of the press of business the matter was laid over until to-morrow, Dignan being held in $700 bail. Before leaving the court-room the little girl and her mother were detained, when the former expressed herself willing that her child should repeat the story, but it was some time before the girl would speak. As she gained confidence, her talk, which was childish enough in its innocence, prattled freely enough. On that afternoon her mother had given her permission to go visit a family friend in that part of town. On her way she passed the engine-house in which Dignan belonged. He was not there. She met him a little way beyond. She had spoken with him two or three times previously, and the little one was flattered with his attentions. He is rather a good-looking fellow, with a generous, loose, and careless kind of air, and, if the feelings of the girl might be analyzed, it would no doubt be found that she was in love with him. Beyond the engine-house, Dignan and a woman came along, stopping in front of her. "Where are you going, my little one?" asked she, to which the child responded. "No, you must come along with us; come to my house. "Yes," added Dignan, according to the child's story, "come, and we shall get married. There's a minister's house near by, and we will go there."

Each took hold of the child, and, after a few misgivings, she went freely along. On the way, the woman, who said she was Dignan's sister, flattered her, told her that her eyes were beautiful, that her hair was like silk, that she was just the kind of a little angel for her brother's wife, and, giving the child an orange, hurried along. When at last a street they were on when they turned a corner, she could not state, but by-and-bye they came to a frame house, which she is sure was on Madison street. She had eaten the orange, and a peculiar feeling came over her. Her head grew light, and she did not seem to feel the firm ground on which she walked. All three walked up to a front door, the woman loosing her arm, and opening the front door leading into a room on the right, all going in. They sat down and talked. By-and-bye Minnie asked, "Where is the minister?" "He will be here soon," said the woman; "be patient, my little angel, and he will soon be here. Excuse me for a moment. I shall be back presently." "Certainly," said Minnie, and the woman went out, closing but not locking the door. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon, the blinds being closed, but admitting a subdued light. Alone with Dignan, he continued the flattering talk which he and the woman had kept up along the way, gradually drawing closer to her side. He had sat on a chair. He got up and sat down on the lounge beside her. He put his arm around the child's waist, and drew her towards him. A door on the other side of the room was open, disclosing a bed. It was evidently an assignation house. The child did not remark these things, but laid her head, which seemed to grow more drowsy, on his shoulder.

They sat thus for perhaps half an hour. He then gently disengaged himself, and then drew off a little, standing up. He walked to the middle of the room, and she, thinking that the minister was not coming, and that they were going home, began rearranging her tumbled hat and cloak. She also arose, when he put his hands on her two shoulders and with a slight pressure led her to the inner room door. She, believing it to be the way out, went without remonstrance. He was satisfied that his purpose was as good as accomplished, and he acted accordingly; and, with a little more pressure, he had pushed her into the room, and immediately she found herself on her back in the bed, with his cheek firmly fixed against her lips, and his person bearing her down. For the first time, the child realized her position. Her clothes had been unduly cleared, and she became possessed of a strength which Dignan, muscular man as he is, found it no easy matter to combat. She forced her mouth free of his face, and screamed. She screamed loud and struggled, but no one came. The sound of her voice seemed to be lost in the walls of the room, and the struggles attracted no attention from without. Both doors were unlocked, but no one came. But she continued to fight for her honor, and, finally, after force, persuasion and entreaties had failed, he gave up his design, letting go his hold, when she sprang to the floor. The childishness of the little girl was here again made manifest. Instead of running from the house, and continuing her cries, she sat down on a low chair and wept.

When he came to comfort her she wept more freely, and, by degrees, he succeeded in coaxing her into quiet, and from that into a half-happy mood. He then helped her rearrange her dress, when they left the house, and he took her to where they had met, near the street at the foot of which the schooner Wellport lay, when he kissed her, called her little wife, told her to remember that the ring she wore was their engagement ring, and then, bidding her good-bye, watched her as she made her way to the ship. All this the girl repeated to the reporter this morning, in a dark corner of the jury-room at the Armory, and although at first she could not be got to answer a question, before she got far she talked on as freely as though she were relating the misfortunes of her doll. Had it not been so sad, it would have been comical. The guilelessness of the little thing almost hid the horrible reality of the story, and it was only when the voices of the lawyers in the other room could be heard, and the buzz of busy throughness that the old fogy only knows from having so done to other Miss Noodles' tresses from time (in the playhouse) out of mind—bah! They were puppets that I saw in dresses worn but for that hour, when they locked their best.

Nevertheless, I had noted down a score of the leading beauties, of whom I meant to neglect no chance to gain the acquaintance. I said to myself: "Where's my rivals with any of them—those drinking, bad-cigar-sucking, wrong-end-of-Manilla-lighting swells? Not one of them could play a game of baseball on a New York day, as I have, without having to be carried home even more senseless than they now are. Bodily, I could hold one against a wall while I beat him with another; and mentally—pish! how could they sit down to seven-up with me when they can't keep count in bezique? They've money, I grant you—but show me one who can spend it to rights! If I had Hamilton's or Delmonico's or Count Lesport's show, I wouldn't have such a red-haired, shapeless affair as Cora Pearl or petty Bruce, or not-to-be-seen-if-she-stood-in-a-corner Walters. Git!

Well, I did the forty odd amusement places thoroughly. It was a life, if a man could have eternally stood it. I never broke down, but when a lull came I took it out in half-week slumbers. I'd have been willing to have been up all the time, to have a Rip Van Winkle ten years after—all the arrears of sleep in one.

Time passed. Several actresses I kept coming into contact with, so that—without being introduced—they smiled and I saluted when we so accidentally encountered. A leetle more! but as somebody said when Louisa's younger sister was left behind in London, "the little *Moore* has not come." Social bars remained between us.

I had only a month ahead to stay in the gay town. Only four weeks! I got wrathy.

I summoned my wits to a council of war, and we determined to go into the campaign with such vim as some "go into" champagne.

I referred to my notebook for the girls whom I had "spotted" as "likely heads of game." Some were disappeared, gone to Russia, to Turkey, to America. Enough remained on the list to me make say, out of the bevy of a dozen, shall I bag a trio? We shall see, and they shall see.

Now, how was I, with no means to pay a girl's house-rent in the Saint Germain, to set her up in carriages, in piano even, in Barbedienne statuettes in jewelry—how was the likes of me to become the likes of them?

All I wanted was one interview. If I couldn't lay myself out and make my tete-a-tetress wish that interview not to be our last, I would go home first ship, and commit suicide by the most horrible mode, *i. e.*, by striving to live as an out-West editor.

The day has gone by for hiring a gang to attack an actress with you round the corner, ready to jump out at the critical moment. Also for sending presents. You must know a girl, before you can tell her tastes and cravings. It's the only time a woman forgives you for revealing you can read her thoughts, when you show you have done so by pleasing her. Jewelry?—it's sure to be something which does not become her dresses. Stuffs to make up for attire?—that provokes the clerk in a drygoods store. Flowers?—what's the use of a fifty-dollar bouquet with her name worked in buds, when it will be soon faded in the hands of the Biddy carrying it under her apron into every kitchen of the neighborhood when her mistress is off to rehearsals? Fruit?—forgotten as soon as shelled, and plagney awkward, for, sending a quantity, she has to call in her favorites to clear it away; and a moderate basket, it will be all her own and cause her indisposition that night, the peach-pits scratching her throat. Scent?—a girl worth having turns up her nose at it, and t'other sort are apt to make a Phalon's shop of themselves by (a fact!) drinking it!

I know a lady whose tour through Scotland excited such a frenzy that hampers of game literally hampered her progress—she was *goosed* when she had acted best.

What could I do? I suffered the anguish of a ballet-girl who feels that her shoe-string has snapped and it is all coming loose.

One girl, quite like ever-to-be-cherished Leonide Leblanc, laughed at me, said I must be "on a paper." At any time the most respectable of men may be suspected as an author!

The virtuous said nothing; the wayward said too ready or careless a yes; the whimsical couldn't reap me in with their dubious yes-and-no; or the coquette with her puzzling nes?-ou-no? One darling (she's my friend to this day!), bold as a city-girl bred and born should be, wrote me thus herself: "You scoundrel! how dare you write to my poor young sister! If you are any kind of a man at all, don't hide your address, but be on the steps of the Madeline at such an hour this day." There I went, furious at what I believed my ill-luck, without gloves or wristbands, so that I could roll up my sleeves for a muss at once with the big sister's big brother. Instead of that, it was she herself—an orphan who had never known her parents even! It was only a test of hers—and many's the laugh we have had as she recalls, over the thimblefuls of argentieni, my savage glare when I would turn upon some offenseless citizen who happened to step close to my heels, as I angrily paced up and down; with her on the other walk, a-watching and a-laughing behind her veil. That's a woman's freak, if you like.

How those that did write betrayed themselves! What, she with the mien of a princess, who sings like Patti and speaks like Mrs. Hermann Vezin—she can't write her own language nearly as well as I, a foreigner, myself; and only learns music by ear, unable to tell a note by name! Horror of undeception.

And she who always is cast for the good, suffering, unjust-steward-wronged widows, and friendless heiress so patient and so pure, betrays restlessness in every half-finished word and incomplete sentence, and lives in the town mansion of Baron Wildlivinski! "Sold again!"

Of one house's attractions, I had not attempted any. There were a couple of stars there whom I feared to run the risk of quite quenching the hope of ever knowing. I would go one night again, and see which was the more alluring.

I went, with something of a presentiment, a bitter-sweet trouble like that of the hated king who was shown by an astrologer a mystic bower, and, asking what was it, received the weird reply, "The blossom that grows on your grave," and yet he had still to die. In my gross of treasured kisses, was there to be one not gross?

The place was the old Furores Dramatiques, renamed, on account of Prince Napoleon, the Imperial Pionplon Theatre. He came that first night, and the neighborhood was afflicted with an outbreak of Chinese lanterns and candle-ends.

I had no sooner taken my seat in the fauteuils d'orchestre (orchestra stalls, or parquet reserved seats, as we say in America) than an old friend on the press asked me to come behind the scenes with him. I snapped at the proposal, but I was disappointed in my hopes of seeing my favorites "close to." They were in their rooms, studying a novelty that had to be sung first thing. This was a so-called patriotic or Napoleonic air, with words more flunkeyish than an Englishman could bring himself to one of his numerous royal 'ouse of Hand-over. I was shown such title as "France Loves our Famous Prince," and the words were welded to bars of catching but indifferent music. There was a little argument going on in the next entrance to where I happened to stand. The curtain was down, remember. The discussion was between the two managers, Mlle. Aimee de Bruyeremeche, and some lady of the company whose voice, rich and sonorous, came as an unknown one through the side-set.

Mlle. Aimee: "But we are all to sing it. Don't anybody know parsong pour ?"

Stranger, with foreign accent: "I do." (And he sang "Dunois' start from home" nicely, sotto voce, and put an intonation to "l'amour a la plus belle" that few French girls on the stage knew how to give. So much feeling in saying "love." Oh, I was bound to know that child! I peeped round; I could only see a rather pale walking-dress, a tall figure, and a shapely head, carried like a Roman's of the Campagna, nobly, with a wealth of light-brown hair worn in short, crisp, finger-tempting, curling tufts.)

Mlle. Aimee: "Well, here's the music of the 'Famous Prince.' Just run your eye over it, and you shall have a verse as solo."

Stranger: "I don't want to sing it." (And I could feel, on the other end of the board we two stood on, that she accompanied the expression with a slighting tap of the foot.)

Mlle. Aimee: "Devoted to the dynasty, if nothing else. But he is the *Prince!*"

Stranger, in English: "Well, a prince aren't any more than any other man!" (which, repeated in French, shocked Mlle. Aimee nearly off her balance). I could imagine her india-inked eyebrows going up. Thought I, Can she be an American? O glory! no Joanna Bull would be guilty of that careless tone upon a royal family scion. And my curiosity was redoubled.

Leader of the orchestra played an accompaniment on his violin, stranger caught the key in one sweep. Hooray! thought I, she's "quick study," and fond of music.

"Friend, who is that tall light hair?" asked I.

"Mlle. Esther Austin ——."

"No, pardon; not among the dancers. The grande demoiselle, la-bas; up stage."

"Oh! pardon. 'Tis my error. 'Tis a new recruit. English."

"And her name?"

"I was going to say it, but it is difficult. Meess Essie Murre."

"Ah! Esther again? and Murray, eh? Regular English. How is she—young, friend? I haven't had a look at her face."

Shrug of the shoulders.

"Yes, 'tis young—but, still, mur—(ripe), eh?"

"Thank you."

"Clear the stage!" We vacated the scene of action, and nestled in our seats, luxurious, and only sixty cents! better than what takes six shillings in London. "They order these things better in France!" and get obeyed, too—that's the pith of it.

Prince Napoleon's entrance. Overture, applause. Curtain up, discovering the whole company, manageress at centre, flanked by my old favorites and the English girl.

All was over with me. As I focused her, I fancied her eyes for an instant sent out a glance that met mine, through the tubes. "I'll come down, Colonel Scott!" Other women I could stare at from shoebuckle to bandeau clasp, but not so with her. A glance at her figure, and then a long, fascinated, devouring watching of her features' play.

Others there might have been fairer, but she was the Miss O'Neil—she was the one regarded, though the loveller Miss Foote was "on" also. I would understand that stage legend at last.

She sang well, but it was no prominent excellence of hers that struck me. Her diction is the woman herself.

Well, the spectacle began: *Les Etranglieurs de l'Inde*, which Thugs disported themselves all very interestingly, maybe, but I was only intent on her entrance. She had merely a walking-lady's part, as insipid and thankless as that in "The Rivals." Two ladies with her, Sindhia and Nana, I was clear: that everything had been sacrificed to the proprietress of the establishment, though what she had to do and say was only remarkable by its length and pointlessness.

There was a dagger dance, with Esther Austin from London (a smart but vulgar dancer), during which, to my surprise as a veteran playgoer, but not to my disrelish, the players mingled with the ballet girls. The girls were evoluting, revoluting and convoluting (some of my own dictionary words), I noticed (as if a motion of hers could now escape me!) Miss Essie Murray going up around to Mlle. Aimee, saying something which was received coldly, then going to the stage-manager, who was acting; and he being equally adverse, she shook her head to the two companions, as if to imply her spokesmanship had been in vain, but instantly—to my amaze, as to that of stage-manager and directress—left with a Juno's step the stage on the ladies' side. At the end of the dance-rally around Esther, she came out after her solo, she returned, and was on till the tableau. Aimee had a word with her, I fancied. I had already begun to share in her feelings; I hated this woman, whom I divined to hold her already in enmity.

The import of this? Very simple. She had asked leave to withdraw while the dancers were scaring up the dust on the dresses of those not dancing in "the ensemble picture;" and on the stage-manager gravely saying: "Of course not! no one would think of such a thing as going off in the Comedie Francaise itself!" she retorted: "All the more stupid of the Comedie!" and quitted. Rebellion at the outset! She had a temper.

During the next act, Aimee has a slice of the pathetic. She is weeping over a baby (alive, stupefied with a narcotic and painfully rolling its eyes wonderingly around, *a la* stage infants as a rule) and pouring out a chapter of affectionate appeals to an absent husband. Some sensation was created, in the midst of her pilling up the agony, by a gent in a side box suddenly throwing up his bejringed hands, ejaculating: "O Dieu de Dieu! O Aimee!" and swooning, half in and half out of the box on the velvet sill, knocking his hat and lorgnette down upon the big drum. Curtain was dropped instantly.

My friend returned from behind with the bulletin. The swoonist was an old lover of the prima donna; she was too affected to go on until after a repose. She had revived, though, as if galvanized, on hearing Miss Murray declare: "The man had his cue to do it! It's a put-up thing that he should drop down in a *feint!*" Being attacked for that, she had left the theatre citadel, and suggests that "he is under the influence of spirits, then! Let him have a hair of the dog that bit him. Here, call-boy, cut round to the front with the *chope de chamberain!*" My friend assures me that Aimee will never forgive zat Anglaise with the chatain hair. I say it is because I have chatain hair than a chat-chain tongue, which he does not see. My jokes would be highly successful only for one defect—nobody understands they are jokes, except me.

Misery. Three or four more acts and La Murre does not appear. I reason she has gone home hours ago, but, after a drink at the American Bar, conclude to see the afterpiece. There is a Mlle. Nurme in it, whose name is new to me. She comes forward, and I recognize La Murre—it's the printer's hash; leave French printers alone for mangling English names, only refined as they are by the result of English printers having a line of French to set up.

I had previously thought her green to the stage, but in this trifle, "Au Voleur, Voleur et Demi" (original of "Diamond Cut Diamond," I fancy), she got a couple of hits out of the farrago. Discovering her self supposedly reliable, she did run riot—kissed his corpse with some dramatic feeling; and when, stooping over the remains, she gave him an aside which made him open his lifeless lips in a ghostly smile, I recognized the experienced performer and also the English actress, who never cares a row of pins for keeping up the illusion of the scenes, but, in the interval between her last speech and the cue for her next, does her utmost to be and to appear as instentive as she possibly can.

I went home as soon as our party had the parting cups, with something—I beg her pardon—someone to dream of. My retina retained that last view of her, coming, on recall, with a dignified step to salute the right and left stage-boxes and the third row of the orchestra stalls—so different that salute and look to the Menken's all-comprising, sweeping gaze of her superb eyes (extinguished forever to the many, but so easily called up to look sadly, kindly, upon no few of the highest esteemed her, though years, as one of her few days, fall wintry like upon us yet). No passion, no extravagant gratitude for the applause, no selecting of a known face, no fiery, suggestive, all-meaning flash to some brilliant dandy. A fulfillment of a custom; that is all.

That night I dreamt out my plan. Next morning I wrote to her. I said: "My old friend Graf Von Bretzelager had a large party of aristocrats at his Rhenish castle. Could she, and would she, break her engagement to give readings there for a week? It was possible that the King of Prussia might look in. She might, by her genius, beauty, and so forth, induce the officers of the garrison and resident gentry to try an amateur performance, and, once playing with her, they were sure to make it a season! The consideration would be of serious, I might hazard the joke, of *grai* importance, and the presents of the nobility would be as valuable as their presence in its way, towards her future career." In short, it was a fruit crystallized in sparkling sugar. That letter would have won a duchess. A stage duchess.

It brought an answer. She wrote in English. She said she did not know German. That rejoiced me. I was secure in my stratagem. She told me, with a frankness that I almost feared betokened suspicion, that Aimee was only less against her than her stage-manager, who had been only *too* kind to her at first; prelude, as in music of *piano*, to a *grand crash*. All the London season was arranged for, and she did not care where she went, if only for the sake of practice. She would, rather than be idle, turn to the cafe chantants or concert-halls.

She sing amid cigar-smoke, she encored with the hammering of tumblers on tables—never!

I had permission to call on her. Rather, she asked me to do so: a friend of a great nobleman, who would, perhaps, have the King of Prussia or the Crown Prince drop in for lunch, if he was passing!

I knew how visits to professionals on their benefit days proceed. Enter Timid Gent to self-possessed Dame. As many smiles as tickets taken. Gent bows. "Higgins, show the gent. Eh? You wish some more places?" No, thanks; but—but I should like a word—yet it is so hard to keep you" (waiting, he would have said, but ere the word was uttered, she strikes in). "Hard to keep me? Rather! Are you a millionaire, your highness?"

My problem was how to checkmate in one move; how to make oneself beloved in one conversation. Two complete strangers to see themselves acquaintances in five minutes and *go* themselves friends *better* in ten, and part lovers.

George Sand says, "Seek for Love and you will never find it, for it comes when least expected," which did not relieve me a bit when I opened at that page.

Yet I did not go anxiously—my wish, my hope, was too deep to be troubled by so petty a thing as nervousness. A man fights for his purse with trepidation; he faces a man in duello with no flutter in his heart. In this it was all or none. "Seize her, or nothing!"

A little perplexity I had. Is she wedded? No! by her looks. If she is, I can't wait till she's a widow. If not, why delay?

I let the knocker fall with a firm shock, as loud as the crack of Wachtel's whip in "The Postillion," or the slap in the face that Emma Lyons returned the Queen of Naples.

I was waited for. I was shown into the parlor and left alone. I heard the interchange of such inquiries about How does *he* look, mamma? as pass between an actress and her nearest adviser on the eve of facing a manager, and then the How do *I* look, mamma? which proved I was too young for any serious task. The room was not overadorned; an English hand had altered the French arrangement of the furniture. Ornaments of the occupier's own; a glass case containing a stuffed pet dog, ugly (ergo, the mistress is pretty; undeniable logic!); a canary in a fancy cage; album of professionals, but none herself (not vain! an actress not conceited! Oh, I should have to lay aside all the sugar-plums I had prepared); a picture or two signed, say: "Eugenio Smiffkins, Scenic Artist, Theatre Royal, Smallboro' on the Cliffs." I wished I could paint—hang these limners who look upon stage ladies as mere figures on their backgrounds.

A piano, and a work-box left on the table, partly open to show the back of a scrap-book labeled "Extracts." I guess I didn't know they were the puffs so carefully treasured by the fu'ure Siddonses, and, who knows? those puffs in the paltry *Baldeagle Banneret* may be the starting point of their success.

Lastly, the sofa cushion on the hearth-rug betrayed the late lolling position of the lady, fond of cosily dwelling by the fire as she refreshed her memory with her "part." I must have startled her out of some reverie: did she ever dream for the reality of her ideal? Why not?—but, hist! she comes.

A stately figure, but not formal salute. Plainly attired; her hair arranged the same as I had seen it, with a scarlet velvet ribbon, well setting off its light brown, devoid of any redness. We were soon at ease. She was full of her trouble and was glad of any listener. Perhaps being alone in a strange country made her warm towards anyone speaking her mother tongue. I felt myself entering into her feelings. I had to apologize for that steadfast admiration. She took it as if she was not surprised, and kindly said that she never liked those who were afraid to look at their interlocutor.

I have said she was tall. Her face was a fine one for the stage—the features marked, but the mouth, with lips delicately red, very, very small. Indeed, the dimpled like a very young girl's when she smiled, and there were more things in the heaven of that light than ever I had dreamt of in my philosophy. "She was fair, and she knew it," but she had that most precious additional charm of a handsome woman: that of seeming to depreciate any compliments founded on her looks; they being independent of her own will.

Fair without coldness, clear complexion, but not rich blood, for only a delicate pink showed itself on her cheeks, where, alas! the stage-exacting rouge had slightly (perhaps only for my eyes perceived) roughened the bloom. Her eyes were blue; not the deep, dark blue that embosoms deceitful storms, like Swiss lakes, nor the cruel, clear azure of Ada Cavendish's or Christine Nilsson's, but light, transparent, slightly roseate, like our sky when the haze of an Indian Summer's day parts and shows what domes above the variegated foliage. Her eyebrows were thick, but, being of just the same hue as her hair, they seemed slight; they arched gracefully, and moved seldom; never in a French woman's supercilious elevating twitches.

We soon transacted our business. She let me linger, however, and, to repay her for that permission, I gave her mine for her to take up some pastime-work. So she went on, sewing gilt beads to a trimming, or some such trumpery. That woman is to be shunned whose self-command enables her to sit still and not evince her nervousness or impatience by a bending of hands, a twist of the chair to work to do, and they can keep their countenances. Then we chatted like old friends who had met after a long absence; or, is there another world where we have met before, and is it only the obliteration by Lethe that has made us fail to see that we but renew old plights and ancient pledges?

Well, she was to go to the Graf's. She wanted her mother's company, but I overruled that. If she should have to stay long, she could send for her to join; as things stood, her servant would suffice.

We had a pleasant journey. We stopped at a little inn, not far from Bretzlager. I had "squared it" with her servant, and she expressed no marvelment when I told her mistress that nothing could be more unfortunate!—the Graf's eldest daughter had been stricken down by a fever in a country where such a dangerous state as to prevent any revelry at the castle. She believed me, as she did, by this time, all I said. Meanwhile, I proposed going to see Berlin. There by a fortunate chance, I got her an engagement in an American family, besides another at the Royal Opera House, and Bradlaugh to Mullen's generous advocacy. I gradually passed the sponge over the Graf and his castle, and he was soon *non est*, more than I had been in palming, upon her that I loved such a falsehood. She never knew that there was no German graf of my acquaintance, and that his castle was rather in Spain than Deutsch Lands.

Finally we loved. The more I thought of her, the greater my happiness in finding nothing but such perfections as innate worthiness could advance. I could never believe in the transmigration of souls since that, for there is no other creature on the earth or in heaven pure and beautiful enough to be fit for she whom I called Ideline.

The joy she made me more than taste is my only balm by memory, since she is gone. Yes, she is dead. But "the gods themselves, however they smile or frown, cannot recall what's past, for that is all my own."

* * * * * * * * * *

She died, like the fabled swan—her last breath one of melody. She had been long ill; she had caught a severe cold by walking home from the Gaite, while we lived in Paris, to avoid a scene of riot caused by some drunken fellows taking possession of her cab, "bound," they said, "to see her home." That night, once in a leng time, I had not called for her on my way home from night-editing. I was on *The Petit Gazette* then.

One night her weakened voice woke me up. It had become marvelously freed from a huskiness which had recently dimmed its lustre, and recovered the command of certain high notes of a brilliancy and purity that ravished connoisseurs, and of a touching, tear-seducing tone that made the roughest audience in the country, mining or quarrying districts even, weep like little children.

"—— dear," she called me, "here, please. Nearer, nearer still; I am dying. Yes, I shall soon be dead. You know that lament in "Hamlet" of which my singing delighted you more than the rare original herself? You said that my rendition of that had made you adore me even more. Let me, one who has always blessed my comparative poverty for making me free to wed whom I please, whom I pleased and who pleased me, my —— !—let me leave you something precious, something that no other woman, I thank Heaven, *can* leave you; something that will cling to you and yours for your dying day, and that no other man—only my beloved wife—can enjoy."

And she sang "Hamlet est mon epoux," etc., and, singing, in my arms she died.

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Our chocolate had grown cold, untouched. Not a dry eye in the room told of the story falling unheeded. When I had uncovered my face, the American was gone.

STRAWBERRIES, PASTIMES AND THINGS IN FLORIDA.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Feb. 3, 1875.

It is a fact, which cannot readily be controverted, that during the Winter season, at least, this charming little town is becoming one of the most fashionable places of resort upon the continent of North America. Blessed with a warm, pleasant and genial climate, by no means inferior to that of Italy, we are able to offer the invalid tourist a speedy restoration to health; while to the naturalist, the scientist and the sportsman we offer inducements they would search for in vain elsewhere. And, as each successive year rolls away, hundreds of people, who merely came to Florida just to see for themselves what sort of a country it was, and without the slightest intention of remaining more than a few weeks, have made up their minds to locate here permanently, and have gradually become reliable citizens among us.

There is another class who are wealthy enough to consult their own tastes, and do pretty much as they like, that visit the State about the first of November every year, remaining until the merry month of May, when they migrate elsewhere. But, as sure as November comes, they again put in an appearance, secure their old rooms at the Grand National, St. James or Metropolitan, and begin to make themselves perfectly at home. True, there are not quite so many sources of amusement as may be found in New York and other large cities, but what we may lack in one direction we manage to make up in another. We have no opera-house, but we *do* have famous deer-shooting. We have no big Plymouth Church with a twenty-thousand-dollar preacher, but we *can* turn out alligators from twelve to fifteen feet in length. We cannot boast of a hand-organ at every street corner, but we *can* listen by the hour to the ravishing minstrelsy of the native mocking-bird, who imitates everything he can hear, from the delicate warblings of a pet canary down to the unwelcome echoes of a stray Thomas-cat as he prowls along some neighboring roof-tree.

There is no regular theatre here, but there are two very pretty music halls, fitted up with scenery and footlights, that some enterprising New Yorker might make a big thing of if he only managed in a proper manner. Metropolitan Hall is located in the very centre of the town, just opposite the Post-office, and is owned by Mr. John B. Togni, while Polk's Hall is farther up Bay street, and has the disadvantage of two flights of stairs, instead of one. It is, however, large and roomy, and greatly admired for political conventions, fairs, etc. If a good manager would secure a fair stock company and a respectable orchestra, introducing the latest and most fashionable farces of the day, he could fill his house during the season at a half dollar per night. It has been the custom for inferior companies to stroll out this way, introduce heavy pieces worn completely threadbare, parade the town with a tenth-rate lot of musicians, and then, by charging one dollar for each admission, complete what they might have anticipated from the onset—a burst-up of their organization. Some time or other some smart theatrical manager will find his way here and manage things differently, the consequence of which will be that he will make money right and left.

On Wednesday, the 24th inst., Moncrief Park Races will commence, continuing for two days thereafter. Several distinguished gentlemen, connected with the turf, residing in New Orleans, Louisville, Chicago, St. Louis and elsewhere, have signified their intention to be present, and there is but little doubt that a great majority of those who attend the races will express themselves highly delighted with all they see and hear in the land of flowers. The Hon. Peter Jones, our worthy and efficient Mayor, is chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, and it is alone owing to his personal zeal and energy that our citizens can boast of so fine a race-track. He has been untiring in his daily labors, and every hour he could possibly spare from his official duties he has devoted to the improvement of this charming locality. Near the race-track is a fine spring, celebrated all over Florida for its curative properties, which before long will become immensely popular with invalid tourists all over the Union. Its waters have been thoroughly analyzed by the most prominent chemists and medical men, with highly flattering results upon each occasion.

Ex-Congressman John Morrissey of New York is expected here shortly, to remain for the balance of the season. His beautiful club-house, opposite the St. James Park, is visited nightly by scores of Northern people; but the citizens here are, under all circumstances, denied admission. During the daytime many gentlemen and ladies are courteously welcomed, and shown all over the establishment by the affable gentlemen who have been left in charge. Dr. G. W. Hill, a very prominent dentist and landscape painter, has just painted a beautiful view of Morrissey's Club-house, including a portion of the St. James Park, and the charming Italian music-stand erected by Mayor Jones. The original picture Dr. Hill will probably take to his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., as one of his souvenirs of Florida scenery.

The climate of Florida at this season is unequaled by that of any other part of the world. Our hotels are crowded with guests, who are living sumptuously upon lamb and green peas, strawberries and cream, and other delicacies that our Northern friends cannot so readily obtain when at home; and the more people that come here, the better our citizens are pleased.

Louis A. Godey, Esq., the veteran editor and proprietor of the "Lady's Book," of Philadelphia, is one of the latest arrivals. ESPERANZA.

BASEBALL.

THE PROFESSIONAL SEASON OF 1874.

THIRTEENTH ARTICLE

Captains and their Duties.

The time was when the task of captaining a baseball nine involved but little skill and required but a small amount of ability; for, in the days we refer to, anything like discipline or training was unknown. Since the players took to studying the book instruction on the game, however, and since professional nines have succeeded the amateur teams of earlier years, things have become systematized, and now nothing like a successful baseball nine can be placed in either the amateur or the professional field unless it is governed by a competent captain, capable of controlling a body of volunteers or of instructing and managing a paid corps of players. To be a successful captain of a nine is to be one man out of a hundred. No other position in the national game requires such marked and peculiar abilities as that of the captain of a first-class professional nine. The first requisite is a thorough control of temper, combined with proper consideration for the interests and welfare of his men, without which no man can ever hope to efficiently govern them. Of course, familiarity with all the "points" of the game, and a thorough knowledge of the rules of play and of strategy, are essentials, but the possession of these are but the other qualities are comparatively of but little account. Some men have a quiet way of doing their work as captains, which tells with great effect; while others, again, seem to revel in their power—to issue their commands with the arbitrary style of a military officer. There are those who are unswerving obedience to the commands of a captain—the one is by an arbitrary bearing, and the other through the respect and esteem in which a captain is held by his men. Of course the rules of a professional club can insure a certain obedience from the nine to the commands of the captain, but the service rendered by unwilling hands, at the behest of a captain whom a man cannot disobey without forfeiture of salary, and the obedience given to the instructions and advice of a captain in whom a nine have confidence, and whom they regard with respect, are two entirely different things.

Thus far in the professional arena, able captains of nines have been few and far between. While there are several players fully competent, from their practical knowledge of all the points of the game, and their possession of considerable judgment, to act as captains, their entire lack of the other important qualifications, or their extremely rough nature, for others entirely nullifies their usefulness, and destroys their influence over their men to such a degree as to render them unfit for the position. Players do not mind being censured for errors of play when such censure is properly done, and that is when it is given quietly and in private. But the open public rebuke and fault-finding for mistakes unavoidable in by the general class of captains not only has no good effect in remedying the fault complained of, but it does quite the reverse, because it makes the censured player angry, morose and obstinate, and only increases his liability to commit fresh mistakes. Let us see how this rule works in practice.

A nine is in the field. The contest is close, and every run is important, and all the players are anxious as to the final result. A hot ball is hit to short field; it has had a twist imparted to it by the pitcher, and when hit by the bat, the moment it strikes the ground it rebounds in a peculiar manner, causing the fielder to an extent that leads him to "muff" it or let it pass by him. Apparently, it is an error. Now, how do the two classes of captains act in such a case? One of the generality of captains would at once take the fielder to task openly, and abuse him in not the choicest style of English. This suffering while the "right man in the right place" would quietly make a mental note of the error, and when the man came in from the field he would ask him how it was he came to miss that ball, and point out to him what to do in similar emergencies. In other words, the former would simply indulge in ill-temper at the expense of the unlucky fielder, while the latter would act considerately towards his man, as he would like a captain to act towards him.

A successful captain of a nine should identify himself with the interests of the men he commands, and he will thus win their respect and command that very obedience which yields the best returns in earnest efforts at all times to do their field work to please him. No man can captain a baseball nine without in some way having an influence over the men under his command, for a game cannot be played without errors being committed, and the captain is as liable as the others to commit an error or to act at times unjustly. But when this is done by a man who is known to try his best for the good of his men, it is passed by without a thought; but when it is done by one who happens to commit himself. Then the natural feelings of the men to "get square with him" for his many little petty acts of tyranny or injustice prevails, and hence come that ill-will and discord which are death to discipline and effective play.

The object of the captain of a nine should be to do his best to get every man of his team to "play for the side." We cannot too strongly impress upon captains and their men the importance of the matter of "playing for the side." What is it? says an inquiring player. The answer is: "Playing for the side" is to devote your whole energies to doing the best you can for the interests and welfare of the club, and the success of the nine in a match game. No man can "play for the side" who is constantly on the look-out to advance his own special interests, at the expense of the team he plays with, either by batting only to increase his own average of base-hits, running the bases only to score the most runs for his own credit, or by playing in any way so as to help his own position at the cost of damaging that of a companion in the same nine. Last season "playing for the side" was almost unknown in the professional arena. For years it has been the effort of Harry Wright's tactics in managing his team to bring about this very telling essential of play; the game and it is to the fact that his nine have practiced this rule to a greater extent than has any other nine—though even they have not always done it—that the success of the Red Stockings since 1871 is largely, if not entirely, due. To secure this desirable result, therefore, should be the principal object of every captain.

Another characteristic of a successful captain is determination. An effective commander must know no such word as vacillation. The captain—like the woman—who hesitates is lost. After having once decided on a particular line of action, let him abide by it; not, of course, with the stubbornness of a fool, which admits of no advice or instruction, but with that determination which marks a man of strong character. He should also be held to a due responsibility for the conduct of his men, but only when he is not interfered with by club managers, and has not in his team some favorite of the management whose misdeeds he cannot control. To place a man in command of a nine and then allow this or that club manager or director to instruct players, at the same time holding the captain to account for faulty play, is a gross act of injustice. The Board of Directors in a professional club should be alone the advisory board in cases of appeal, while the club-manager's duty should be confined to the disbursement of expenses, collecting receipts, and looking after the general welfare and interests of the men, leaving to the captain the selection of the field team, the placing in position, and all matters appertaining to the conducting of a match game. But where these duties are all assumed by either the directors or the club-manager, while the captain's position is made a mere nominal place, and in fact a back to bear all the burden of the club troubles, while the latter runs off the honors, it is useless to expect a team—no matter how composed of strong players—to be successful.

FORCE OF GRAVITY.—It is not usually considered how animal and vegetable life on our planet is adapted in exact relation to force of gravity. Had the earth been a little larger or smaller, things would have been somewhat different. As regards the vegetable world, this is interestingly put by Whewell: "As an instance of the adaptation between the force of gravity and forces which exist in the vegetable world, we may take the positions of flowers. Some flowers grow with the hollow of their cups upwards; others 'hang the pensive head,' and turn the opening downwards. The positions, in these cases, depend upon the length and flexibility of the stalk which supports the flower, or, in the case of the *euphorbia*, the germen. It is clear that a very slight alteration in the force of gravity, or in the stiffness of the stalk, would entirely alter the position of the flower-cups, and thus make the continuation of the species impossible. We have, therefore, here a little mechanical contrivance, which would have been

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Feb. 15.

LADIES' LIST.

Angele, Clara
Adriana, Cora
Angell, Lottie (gymnast)
B. B., Miss (2)
Bowditch, Mrs. W. H.
Barraclaugh, Mrs. Mellie
Boniface, Mrs. Geo. G.
Baker, Mrs. P. F.
Beverley, Mrs. Meade
Carr, Mary Ann
Cerito, Mad.
Cushman, Charlotte
Constantine, Eveline
Carlisle, Ida
Cornforth, Mrs. Hy.
Dearden, Miss F.
Deimy, Lulu
Douglas, Annie
Donaldson, Virginia
Du Vare, Jennie
De Tong, Minnie
Doc.
Daniels, Nellie (2) 3c.
Denin Combination, Susan
Dargon, Augusta L.
Evans, Mrs. M. F.
Francis, Lilly
Florence, May
Forrest, Miss
Francis, Lilly (vel-ocepedian)
Galton, Blanche
Gilmore, Alice (2)
Granville, Gertie (2)
Glover, Phillis
Gilbert, Katie
Guy, Mamie
Holman, Mrs. H.
Hardy, Madeline
Hunter, Mrs. C. E.
Howitt, Belle
Irma, Mlle.
Jamison, Mrs. Carrie
Lingard, Alice D.
Lancaster, Mina
Lang, Iona (2)
Lucille, Fannie (2)
Lopez, Mad.
Little Della
Loder, Minnie
Lotta"
Montford, Lottie
Maeder, Mrs. C. F.
Morgan, Jennie
Morris, Viola
Mack, or Trewolla, Annie
May, Dollie
McDonald, Nellie
Nilson Op. Co., Manager 3c.
O'Brien, Norah
Oates, Jennie
Pitman Comed. Co., Katie (2)
Pauline, La (song-and-dance)
Price, Miss Bijou (2)
Rainford, Alice (3)
Ray, Maggie
Richards, Pauline
Raymond, Lillie
Sheffield, Lizzie
Sanyeah, Maude
Siddons, Mrs. Scott
Seguin, Sr., Mrs.
Scarsey, Adelaide (2)
Schretter, Mrs. Louise
Seaman, Mrs. Chas.
Swinburne, Miss
Schott, Angie
St. Audley & Dollie Sharp, Rose (2)
Tournour, Jennie (2)
Tournour, Mrs. Hersey
Vandyke, Imogene
Victoria, Mlle. (trapezist)
Venis & Adonis (2)
Willett, Maggie
Wilson, Julia
Willard, Lou
Wood, Annie
Wesner, Ella
Walton, Emma
Warden, Mrs. E. A.
Zeonetti, Zoe 3c.
Zoe, Mlle. (Cuban Sylph)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

"A. C. E"
Archer, Jno. W. (3)
Adair, Thos. J (2)
Adams, (clown)
Ainsworth, Frank K.
Atwood, Capt. J. B.
Allison, Phil M.
Boyd, Chas. (with Wagner)
Brooks, Ellis 23c.
Budd, J. (of Buckley's Seren.)
Brady, Will J.
"B. B."(6)
Bachelor, J. (2)
Barnum, Hy.
Beecher, R. R.
Budworth, Frank
Brown, J. B.
Boyer, Capt. Chas. J.
Battle, Frank C.
Batchelor & Dorris
Bryant, Harry (circus Prop.)
Bolls, E. (of Strakosch Op. Co.)
Bailey, Harry
Battelle, Maj. Wm. H.
Berger, Fred. G.
Barclay, F. (equestrian)
Barlow, Billy
Barber Bros. (2)
Baldwin, Ned (of)
Baldwin Bros
Blitz, Francois R.
Baldwin, Prof. S. S.
Benson, A. (with Hawley)
Buckley, Harry
Boone, E. D.
Brown, Edwin
Barr, Geo. (of Henderson's Co.)
Byrne, Dan (with Hibernicon)
Constantine, Harry
Cole, Lew
Cooper, Fred. A.
Cooke, Louis E. (2)
Croel, Jas.
Crowell, Wm. E.
Cipriano, V. B.
Cawthorne Children
Chamberlain, Jno. F.
Clark, Jas. (Irish Comedian)
Cassim, Jas.
Clouse, Edmund
Coleman, A. A.
Coleman, Edward
Carton, Jas. E.
Chase & Davis
Cushing, Howes & Cullen
Campbell, Ned 3c.
Cody, Will (circus prop.)
Clapham, Harry J.
Cipriro, Chas. N.
Capoul, V. (of Strakosch Co.)
Cody, W. F. ("Buffalo Bill")
Cotton, Jr., Ben
Crispini, C. (2)
Dixon, Thos. S.
De Graff, E. G.
De Vere, Chas. (minstrel)
De Vivo, Mr. (of De Murska Co.)
De Haven, Claude (2)
Dingess, Jno. A.
De Veau, W. F. P.
Davis, Alex. (vertriloq.)
Denier, Tony
Dupre, Chas. H.
Dumont, Frank (2)
Delano, — (medic.)
Dukenfield, W. E.
Dearborn, Chas. E.
Dodge, Ben
Dunbar, E. C. (4)
Duffy, Ed. S.
Doyle, J. E.
Davis, J. Chas.
Davis, R. (of Healy's Min. Co.)
De Glorion, Edwin
Denison, E. B.
Houghton (of Jersey City)
Edwards, Harry
Ellis, Gus (musician)
Elstone, Jno. A.
Emerson & Clark
Emerson, Jimmy
Edwards, G. H. (minst. "biz")
Forepaugh, Adam
French, Ed. (trapezist)
Fechter, Chas. (2) 6c.
Fleming, Geo. J.
Farron, Thos. J.
Faustin, M.
Florence, Geo. A.
Fish, Chas.
"F. A. P."
Fuller, Dan W.
Field, W. E.
Fox, Jos. (of Dupont & Reed Co.)
Fairbah, Chas. (2)
Freeman, C. H. (with Haverly)
Freeman, C. H. (of "Bl. Cro." Co.)
Fowler, T. B.
Forbes, Chas. (manager) 3c.
French, Arthur W.
Fredericks, O. (musician)
Franklin, J. C.
Green & Sadler
Goodman, Jr., H. (of N. O. Minst)
Gibbons, F. (trapezist)
Griffith, Edwin S.
Green, M. (of Fox's Hum. Dum. Co.)
Gilroy, Dan (of Wild & Gilroy)
Graham, Sam
Guick, Jas. T.
Gilmore & Smith (of Gilmore & Smith)
Glassford, Jr., Andrew
Gilmore, J. (of Gilmore & Saunders)
Lacking for the following professionals are at the Detroit (Mich.) post-office: Chas. Austin (2) of Around the Wor. Comb., R. S. Dingess, Fred. Herbert, circus "biz," Kearney & Moran, C. A. Patt (2), and M. J. Ready.

Gerry, D. S. (6)
Gillespie, Thos. J.
Gibbs, Clark
Geroldo, Emil
Greiner, Joe
Goshen, Col. Routh
Gloodman, Hank
Gale, W.
Gildray & Ginivan
Gaffney, Hugh (show "biz")
Grisie, Chas. B.
George, Prof. (ventriloq.)
Gilroy, Jas.
Gardiner, E. M.
Howes, Frank J. (3)
Harrigan & Hart
Hume, Dick
Howard, T. Chas. (manag.)
Howard, Chas.
Heywood, (of Heywood Bros.) (3)
Hyland, W. (stage-carpent.)
Hennessy, D.
Harwood, Hy.
Herbert, F. (gymnast)
Palmer, C. C.
Pillot, F. J.
Parento, Hy.
Quinby, Geo. N.
Rowland, Jas.
Rand, Frank
Roberts, Fred.
Read, Prof. L. C.
Robinson, Jas. "Yankee" (2)
Rice, Dan (circus prop.)
Reilly, Michael K.
Roberts, Wm.
Rosario, Geo.
Reed, Billy (minst. "biz")
Rogers, Nat
Rhodes, Farley
Rosario, G. (gymnast)
Reslave, Frank (2)
Remington & Son, E.
Rosario Bros. & Mlle. Alice
Ralnforth, S. (of Ralnforth & Co.)
Rosario, G. (of Rosario Bros.)
Robbins, Burt
Roberts, Nick
Robertson, Alex.
Rubini, P. 3c.
Rice, Dan (manager)
Sanford, J. (gymnast)
Smith, E. P.
Scott, "Bob"
Sepeo, H. (of Healy's Hib.)
Swinburne, J. G.
Sidney, Vernon
Simons, J. A.
Sheridan, Mack & Dey
Sanyeah, Sam
Stone, Den (circus "biz")
Southwell, G. (musician) (2)
Simpson, Robt. J.
Shay, A. Foster
Stetson, H. J.
Shepard, Grove B.
Sage, Morris
Sprinor, A. J.
Sowers, Jno. E.
Sexton, Mike (musician)
Stoddart, J. H.
Smith, Frank D.
Stanton, H.
Stankard, Thos. C.
Sexton, M.
Sisco, A. (of N. Y. Comed. Co.)
Shaw, Geo. T.
Stetson, E. T. (2)
Sharpley, Jas. W.
Smith, W. H. (of Heywood Bros.)
Stickney, Robt. (2)
Sheldon, H. (juggler)
Stevens, J. Ogden
Saville, Stephen
Stanley, Burt
Seaman, R. R. W.
Thompson, Chas. J.
Tinkham, Ed.
Tillston, Fred.
Thomas, J. W. (2)
Tobin, Prof.
Victorelli, H.
Vandenhoff, G. (traveling)
Wasburn, E. S. (15) 3c.
Wildman, Fred.
Wilson, M. (of Wilson Bros.) 6c.
Ware, Geo. D.
Weston, Sam
Whetony, L. (animals)
Webb, Jadge
Waite, H. (of Waite Sisters)
White, Chas. (comed.)
Williams, Jesse
Washburn, Jean (2)
Warde, Will H.
Williams, Jno. (chopping)
Welling, H. (with Haverly)
Winnett, Thos.
Warren, G. (gymnast)
Woodland, N. (performer)
Wotton, or Wood en, Joe
Watchiel, M. V. B. (2)
Williams, Fred. B.
Williams, Harry B. (2)
White, E. J.
Wheeler, W. S.
Ward, W. H. (songand-dance)
Ward, J. M.
Young, Chas. Willson
Zeo, Prof. (wire and) 3c.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Feb. 15, '75.

The lawyers over in Brooklyn have had the field to themselves long enough, and hereafter the honors are to be divided with those of the parent city. Last week we had a sensation in court, of which a report is given in another part of this issue. The case was that of Dion Boucicault against Joshua Hart. it was Joshua of old who commanded the *sun* to stand still, and to cease shining for all; but in the present instance it is one mightier than the olden-time commander—yea, even Dion Boucicault, the Hittite—who reverses the order of things, and commands *Joshua* to stand still; but the latter, whose "cause it is just," hits back at the Dionysian Hittite, and makes battle with his learned adversary. Joshua didn't scare worth a cent; "nay, more," he even went so far as to signify his readiness and desire to meet the valiant foeman, and wrestle with him in the presence of an anxious multitude of spectators. But what shall we say of the lawyers? Verily, we are ashamed of the naughty language they indulged in, and feel prouder than ever of the editorial profession, whose mission is peace and good-will to man, and whose words are soft and mild as the sweet tones of a German flute, when Boucicault's counsel so far lost control of himself, so far lost sight of the amenities of the bar, as to characterize the adversary as a thief, a pickpocket, a scoundrel, etc., much to the dismay of the modern Joshua, as well as to the astonishment of the crowded and appreciative audience. How Joshua could stand still under such a storm of words, how he could preserve his equanimity under such depressing circumstances, are matters that fill us with unfeigned surprise. Now, over in Brooklyn, one day last week, the witness Tilton stigmatized Sam Wilkeson as a "liar," and Samuel sitting close by, the while, "When little Samuel" from the temporary trance into which the promulgation of the epithet had thrown him, he wore the air of a deeply injured man, of a man who had been sadly maligned; but he calmly accepted the situation just the same as Joshua realized the status in New York! Joshua had the greater cause of complaint, because many men are liars who are called so; but few women moving in good society are thieves and pickpockets, etc. Yet neither man repelled the base insinuation; neither man rose in his seat and sought to put a head on the offending person. Nothing of the kind—each took the assault like a fire in silence, and this quiet acquiescence captured the sympathies of the audience, and made friends for the alleged "thief" and "liar," and enemies for the disseminators of words that never die. "Now," as Brother Evarts says when he is going to put a question to Theodore, suppose that, in either of the cases we have alluded to, the late lamented Benjamin Cantwell had been in the party impugned; that the irascible but dead and gone James Sullivan had been "it," or that the still existing Red-handed Mike had been the object aimed at in these choice applications of materialized language—would they, the Joshua and Samuel, have remained in statu quo? Would they have tamely submitted to the foul aspersion of their good name and fame? Not much. At one bound the noble Benjamin would have seized the uncircumcised dog by the throat, and forced the invidious comparison down his deleterious gullet; James the scientist would have got the vicious one's head in chancery, and calmly beat his life out there; while Michael of the gory hand would have "drawn the claret" from his villifying foe, and bathed his entire humanity in the crimson dye—"for 'tis their nature to." Happily, these scientists and artists were absent, were not included in the diatribes launched at the unoffending heads of other artists and professors, and the bench and the bar were saved a scene of wild commotion. Verily, what a beautiful thing it is to have command of one's temper; to sit quietly under the lashings of men whose vocation is to give expression to words of solemn import, and to press to awful conviction the virtuous and the true. But we have no time to dwell longer on these vivid scenes. The Bouclicault-Hart seance is fully described in another column, and to that description we refer the reader whose curiosity and inquisitiveness would lead him to see the denouement.....And talking about Josh reminds us of George; him of moustache renown, and words that breathe. In order that the incident may be perpetuated in story, in *his* story, in fact—the same as the other George's hatchet-and-cherry-tree recital has been handed down to us by historians who have gone to that land "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest"—we have, at considerable expense, prevailed upon Theodore's stenographers and biographers to give our readers "The True Story" in elegant verse:

"GEORGE."

Perhaps at Daly's fierce demand
George had a right to scoff;
But really, now, for Julian Gray
He *might* have shaved it off;
And, as it is, the thing is mixed,
We may say *vice versa;*
For George showed *Mercy* his moustache,
And shaved his moustache *mercy.*

And yet we beg to remind our readers that we have no faith in that *other* George's fabrication about lying, as told in the fable of the boy and the tree and the *hatchet*, which latter name has been recently bestowed upon our late lamented Falstaff by an ignominious foreign newspaper fiend.....And talking about George recalls the name of Henry, the fifth Henry, whose history is being done at Booth's Theatre, where, a few days ago, a young woman, weary and wan and heartsore, dropped, "with a thud," to the stage, "fainting at the cottage-door." Kind, womanly arms rained her, sweet words were breathed into her listening ears, and she told her sad tale of misery, and want, and hunger; told how food had not passed her lips for two days; how, desolate and sick, and worn with looking for the help that never came, she fell from sheer weakness on the stage of a theatre. But she fell into good hands, into the arms of those whose principles are grace, mercy, charity to all mankind; into those accresses who have been made a target for the slanders of men who *preach*, but who do not *practice* their preach. And these ungodly actresses, aided and abetted by the degraded actors, and by the wicked managers, provided food and raiment for the little mother, filled her purse with precious ducats, and her heart with sweet peace and love for her kind, and these "profligates" who ministered to the wants, and gave her strength to stand on slippery places; these God-forsaken "devils who pander to a depraved public appetite," and whose "souls are black and seared and lost," were the first to give life and hope to the little mother. As Mr. What's-his-name says:

O! it was pitiful,
In a whole city full,
Friends she had none—

until she entered this "den of iniquity," and fell among the vivicous beings" who hold the mirror up to nature," and when the recipient of the poet-players' bounty returned to her wretched hovel, she carried joy upon her face and happiness in her heart; and this new light was diffused throughout the suffering household, and the weary souls found rest in the arms of their little mother; for she brought not alone joy, but food and fuel and clothing; and the home that was erstwhile shrouded in gloom became bright with life and happiness. "Bread cast upon the waters shall return," etcætera. Even so, for thousands who have read the touching story of the little mother go to Booth's Theatre to see her, and to see through whose instrumentality she has secured a fresh lease of life! And this reference to a hungered people, and to the great play at Booth's, reminds us that the warriors of Henry V need never go hungry, for they can eat their *pike rust! Knot!* .....The recent polar wave induced "Our Jim" to revert to the halcyon days of Summer, when ice is more appreciated than it is now; and the boy has just brought to us the first of a series of complicated conundrums, and this is it: "What is the difference between a warm day and the manager of the Fifth-avenue Theatre?" None of the Spanish freeboaters in new fangled steamboats can cope with that, great Columbus showed them. So it is with you, dear friends; none of you can tell the difference referred to until we shall have disclosed the answer, as thus: "One is *daily in August*, and the other is *August-in-Daly!*" And yet propagators of a false philosophy tell us that there is nothing new under the sun..... One night last week we went to a Methodist revival. [Do *we* go to church? Why not? Are "we" not a man and a brother? Go to—thou art an uneducated shrimp.] The people who run the church we attended are "poor but honest," and some of the workers in the vineyard speak in the unvarnished tongues of the "lower strata of society," you will understand. Despite the inclemency of the weather, the assemblage was large, and a good feeling prevailed. The invitation hymn—"Come, ye Sinners"—was sung with good effect, and strenuous efforts were made to bring in the stray sheep, as it were. A responding soul sat bowed with grief. To him brothers went and urged the sorrowing one to "come up;" but he declined, "for," said he, "a man cannot do business *honestly* and be a good Christian." "That's too thin," said the pious brother. "I have thought it over and over, and you cannot reconcile the one with the other," continued the irreligious party. "Oh! that sort of talk's played out," "But *I know* it, brother; I see so much of the rascality of Christian storekeepers that I have no faith in them." "Do you take me for a flat?" interrogated the persistent trustee; "I've been there, and I know how it is myself, and I know it is just as easy for a Christian to keep store as it is to fall off a log. I *know* it." "Yes; but, brother," responded the unbeliever, "I know just the reverse. I *want* to believe and want to have confidence in Christian storekeepers, but I can't; there won't let me." "Ah! you're a bad egg," said the well-meaning brother as he caught sight of another dejected one, and waltzed after him.....Now, there's "The Two Orphans" filling the Union square Theatre night after night, and yet envious residents of other cities say that our thoughts never go out after the orphan. "Our Jim" went to the Union-square a few evenings ago, and he was so carried away by the crowd that he couldn't get in. Hence he has composed a few lines suggested by the uncomfortableness of the situation.

A JIM JAM.

Tu se mister jaxin's most butiful drammer,
Tho pecple ov each nite makes the house kwite a crammer;
Moore coodn't git in without usin' a hammer
Or a portabil injun to yuse as a hammer;
And, my frends, that's wot's the matter with Hanner. O. J.
.....It is quite proper that Miss Beaumont should be a favorite with the "beau monde."..... A correspondent wants to know whether an old toper isn't the *real mellow drammer*. We think so, too..... Another friend, who seems to know something about the stage, says that the difference between the well-known Ethiopian star and some of his envious critics is, that while the one is *Sam Devere*, the other is *d—severe!*

CITY SUMMARY.

THE ENGLISH-OPERA SEASON at the Academy of Music concluded on Saturday, Feb. 13, the Kellogg company presenting as the repertoire of the week "Fra Diavolo," Monday; "Maritana," Wednesday matinee; and "The Talisman" Wednesday and Friday evenings and Saturday matinee. "Fra Diavolo" and "Maritana" each received a praiseworthy interpretation and attracted goodly sized audiences, for the especial attention was directed to Balfe's posthumous work of "The Talisman," which was presented on Wednesday evening for the first time in English, with the following cast: Edith Plantagenet, Miss Kellogg; Berengaria, Miss Beaumont; Richard Coeur de Lion, Mr. Carlton; Sir Kenneth, Mr. Maas; Emir Sheerkohf, Mr. Hamilton; Nectabanus, Mr. Packard; Knight de Vaux, Mr. Nichols; Duke of Austria, Mr. Marston; King of France, Mr. Cayla. The opera, which is founded upon Sir Walter Scott's novel of "The Talisman," is in three acts, and its story runs as follows: Act 1—Camp of the Crusaders. Overture, the first scene opens, representing a troop of Saracenic soldiers in the desert. After they disperse, Sir Kenneth enters, accompanied by an Arab chief, the Emir Sheerkohf, who leads him to the sanctuary in the tent of England, where the lady love of Sir Kenneth is found. The deformed slave of Queen Berengaria, Nectabanus, enters a terrible scuffle ensues between the Nubian and Sir Kenneth, who is here in mediation, to the presence of her royal mistress to prepare for the holy vespers, giving her, at the same time, information of the arrival of her lord. The grand chapel of Engaddi, the next scene, the Queen and Edith enter, accompanied by the ladies of the court, in procession, all clad in conventional robes, and singing a "Salve Regina." Edith during the chant discovers Sir Kenneth, and as they pass out drops a rosebud at his feet, making a sign of silence. Sir Kenneth, picking up the bud, apostrophizes a rose in a song, "Plant in a Sacred Place," which will probably be the most popular number of the opera, and as the knight is pressing the rosebud to his lips he drops on his knee, and the curtain descends on the first act. In the second we are introduced to the tent of Richard the Lion-hearted, who is thinking fondly of the return of his wife, Berengaria. Sir Kenneth is summoned to the King's presence, and rebuked for his aspirations towards the lady Edith. Their interview is suddenly interrupted by De Vaux rushing in to tell the King that the Duke of Austria has planted his banner side by side with that of England on St. George's Mount, the place of honor in the camp, as chief of the ard as leader of the crusade. The scene now changes to St. George's Mount, where a tumult ensues between the Austrian Duke and the English, respecting their relative positions, which is finally quelled by the King of France. Sir Kenneth is left to guard the English ensign; and while at his post, dreaming of love and Edith, Nectabanus comes with a pretended message from the Queen. The knight, forgetful of the voice of honor and overcome by his passion for his mistress, quits his post and departs to the Queen's pavilion, where he sadly meets the Lady Edith, for whom the Queen being but a jest at lady Edith's expense, proves dangerous to Sir Kenneth, for the King arrives and learning that his ensign has been quitted his post, but that the English banner has been disgraced in consequence. Richard, furious, dashes upon him with a battle-ax, but, the Queen and Edith intervening, he is saved, though banished from the camp, and with this tableau the second act closes. As the third act opens, Richard is seen in his tent considering some important news from England. Information comes to the King that Sir Kenneth was far less open to blame than he had supposed, and that the young knight had saved him from assassination. An interview takes place between the monarch, the Queen and Edith, who, supposing her lover's life in danger, is in despair. Richard comforts her a little, and in the next, the great pavilion scene, calls on a minstrel knight to sing, when the voice of Sir Kenneth is heard singing the "Rose Song." Edith recognizes his voice, and falls at the feet of the King, imploring him to save her lover. Richard, overjoyed at seeing his favorite knight enter, when he is welcomed by the King to the astonishment of all. Richard explains that the knight was no traitor, as they had supposed, to the cause, and that he had, grave, high him as Earl of Huntingdon and Prince Royal of Scotland—he having been engaged in the Crusades, incognito—and offers him Edith of Plantagenet as his bride. With this incident and a tableau representing the departure of the Crusaders for England, the opera terminates.

The recital of the work was very creditable to the artists of the Kellogg Troupe, the measure of success which it attained being solely due to their careful interpretation of the opera and their admirable exposition of its few salient points. The work, even though presented in the most favorable manner, proved decidedly disappointing, and in its musical development gave but little proof of originality, offering instead a series of reminiscences and hackneyed ideas that, notwithstanding a certain attribute to their careful interpretation, presented the most positive proof of a want of creative power. A few of the numbers, notably the "Rose Song," have in them the elements necessary for popular success, being decidedly Balfeian in their form, and recalling some of the happier inspirations of the composer; but there are so few bright, taking melodies for the general ear, so slight an offering for musical consideration, that the work can be classed not otherwise than most ineffective and uninteresting. Miss Kellogg, who was in capital voice, gave a skillful and artistic impersonation of the character of the Lady Edith, and Miss Beaumont, Messrs. Carlton, Maas and Peakes gave a creditable rendition of their different personations. The minor parts and chorus were also well up to the musical demands of the opera. The Saturday matinee performance of "The Talisman," which was witnessed by a crowded house, closed a successful season.

A RUMOR is afloat that several parties are in negotiation with the Erie Railway Company for the purchase of the Grand Opera-house.

THE Lenten season has not, thus far, had a very marked effect upon the attendance at our various places of public amusement. On Ash Wednesday there was a slight falling-off, but business picked up again the following nights.

"KING HENRY V" was produced at Booth's Theatre on Feb. 8, in the presence of an assemblage which occupied every inch of available space in the auditorium from which a view of the stage could be had. As stated in our past issue, it had been produced in this city but twice. The version of Shakespeare's historical play now presented was revised by Charles Calvert, manager of the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, Eng., who came hither to personally superintend its production, and brought over the scenery, costumes, banners, armors, arms and appointments, etc., used during its performance here. The adaptation is in five acts and an episode. As a matter of record we append a full cast of the characters, and a synopsis of the scenery:

Rumor, as Chorus	Mrs. Charles Calvert
King Henry V	Mr. George Rignold
Duke of Gloster, Brothers to the King	Mr. C. H. Putnam
Duke of Bedford, Brothers to the King	Mr. W. V. Ranous
Duke of Exeter, Uncle to the King	Mr. Henry Weaver
Duke of York, Cousin to the King	Mr. H. Harvey
Earl of Salisbury	Mr. George Moore
Earl of Westmoreland	Mr. Frederic Munroe
Earl of Warwick	Mr. Thomas Hall
Archbishop of Canterbury	Mr. James Bartlett
Bishop of Ely	Mr. Lewis Hall
Earl of Cambridge, Conspirators against the King.	Mr. Wm. Talmage
Lord Scroop	Mr. Charles Whitman
Sir Thomas Grey	Mr. Henry Hogan
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Officers in King Henry's Army.	Mr. J. R. Davies
Gower	Mr. H. B. Bradley
Macmorris	Mr. R. Lonsdale
Fluellen	Mr. F. Thorne
Jamey	Mr. J. W. Brutone
Bates, Soldiers in King Henry's Army.	Mr. Joseph Wilson
Court	Mr. Samuel Elliott
Williams	Mr. Frederic B. Warde
Pym, Formerly servants to Falstaff, now soldiers in King Henry's Army.	Mr. Frank Elliott
Bardolph	Mr. C. Leclercq
Pistol	Mr. C. B. Bishop
Boy, Servant to the above	Mr. Frank Wood
A Herald	Mr. W. Carpenter
Charles the Sixth, King of France	Mr. Charles Rockwell
Lewis, the Dauphin	Mr. Henri Stuart
Duke of Burgundy	Mr. L. J. Vincent
Duke of Orleans	Mr. R. P. Steele
Duke of Bourbon	Mr. William Simons
Governor of Harfleur	Mr. Edwin Sheppard
The Constable of France	Mr. Edwin Sheppard
Rambures, French Lords	Mr. Albert Weis
Grandpre, French Lords	Mr. Arthur West
Governor of Harfleur	Mr. J. W. Blessington
Montjoy, a French Herald	Mr. E. K. Collier
The Bishop of Bourges	Mr. E. S. Weston
Princess Katharine	Miss Blanche Gires
Dame Quickly (Pistol's Wife), a Hostess	Miss Mary Wells
Isabel, Queen of France	Miss Louise Henderson
Alice, a lady attendant upon the Princess Katharine	Miss Fanny Reeves

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.—Scene 1—The Throne-room in the Palace of Westminster. Scene 2—Exterior of the Boar's Head. Scene 3—The Beach at Southampton. The English Fleet at Anchor.

ACT 2.—Scene 1—A Room in the Palace of Charles VI. Scene 2—The English Entrenchments. Within bow-shot of Harfleur. Scene 3—The Duke of Gloster's Quarters. Scene 4—The Siege of Harfleur. Scene 5—Alarms of a Severe Conflict. Scene 5—French Camp, Palace of Rouen. Departure of the French Army. Scene 6—A View in Picardy.

ACT 3.—Night Scene. The Dauphin's Tent. Scene 2—Within the English Lines. Scene 3—The English Position at Agincourt. Scene 4—The Field of Battle. Scene 5—Tableau Battle of Agincourt. Scene 6—The Plains of Agincourt.

ACT 4.—Historical episode. Reception of King Henry V on entering London after the battle.

ACT 5.—The Palace at Troyes. Scene 2—A View of Troyes from the Country. Scene 3—Interior of the Cathedral at Troyes. Espousal of Henry V and Princess Katharine.

It is claimed that the costumes, arms and armors used in the play are historically correct, extensive researches having been made for that purpose by Mr. J. D. Watson prior to the production of "Henry V" at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, England, and a long list of authorities are cited in copies of the acting version of the play, which is sold in the theatre. Similar attention was paid to the heraldic devices, banners, pennons, badges, collars, crown and mural circlet, flags and banners, and to family or hereditary arms, and authorities are cited by A. Darbyshire. To the Shakesperian student this revival is of peculiar interest, while to that class of theatre-goers to whom the works of the Immortal Bard are almost a sealed book it presents attractive views during a spectacle. As the play may be regarded as a series of tableaux, eulogistic of the martial glory of England, it may not possibly interest Americans so keenly as it may the inhabitants of Great Britain. The scenery, notwithstanding its use in England, and the wear and tear during its transportation here, was in good condition, and reflects credit upon the artists who painted it. The scenes deserving especial mention were the Beach at Southampton, with the English Fleet at Anchor; the Siege of Harfleur; the Battle of Agincourt; the Plains of Agincourt, after the victory; Temple-Bar, London, at the time of the triumphal entry of King Henry V; and the Cathedral of Troyes. A large curtain of blue material, bordered with red and dividing in the centre, was lowered at the end of every scene, while the drop curtain marked the termination of the various acts. Chorus appeared standing upon a rock, in the first act, the Mastership of Boys sang "Good-night" in such a pleasing manner that it was redemanded. In addition to the persons named in the cast there were thirty historical characters of the time represented in the various scenes of the play; none of these spoke, however. Of those named in the cast, few had any great chance to display their abilities. Mrs. Charles Calvert, who was erroneously announced as making her first appearance in America, she having acted here some years ago under her maiden name of Miss Adelaide Biddles, read the lines of Rumor as Chorus intelligently and with distinction. George Rignold, who made his American debut, has a fine figure, an expressive countenance, and a clear and well-modulated voice, all of which were displayed to advantage in his impersonation of King Henry V. He had a good conception of the character, and gave it a very commendable embodiment. Frederic Thorne of the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, who made his first appearance in America, by his capital performance of Fluellen as the Welshman, proved himself to be an excellent character actor. His make-up and dialect were good, and his acting was very natural. It was evident that he had given much study and thought to the part, and the minor details were carefully elaborated, so that the whole impersonation was flawless. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Macmorris were satisfactorily performed by H. B. Bradley and R. Lonsdale, respectively. C. B. Bishop was quite successful in his delineation of Pistol, investing the character with much bombast and mock-heroic valor. In the scene where Fluellen makes him eat the leek he elicited much fun, and only has the knight quitted his post, but that the English banner has been disgraced in consequence. Richard, furious, dashes upon him with a battle-ax, but, the Queen and Edith intervening, he is saved, though banished from the camp, and with this tableau the second act closes. As the third act opens, Richard is seen in his tent considering some important news from England. Information comes to the King that Sir Kenneth was far less open to blame than he had supposed, and that the young knight had saved him from assassination. An interview takes place between the monarch, the Queen and Edith, who, supposing her lover's life in danger, is in despair. Richard comforts her a little, and in the next, the great pavilion scene, calls on a minstrel knight to sing, when the voice of Sir Kenneth is heard singing the "Rose Song." Edith recognizes his voice, and falls at the feet of the King, imploring him to save her lover. Richard, overjoyed at seeing his favorite knight enter, when he is welcomed by the King to the astonishment of all. Richard explains that the knight was no traitor, as they had supposed, to the cause, and that he had, grave, high him as Earl of Huntingdon and Prince Royal of Scotland—he having been engaged in the Crusades, incognito—and offers him Edith of Plantagenet as his bride. With this incident and a tableau representing the departure of the Crusaders for England, the opera terminates.

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE George Fredericks and Little Pauline, and her trick pony Lonise Victoria, began engagements on Feb. 8. George Fredericks gave his wonderful globe-performances, terminating with a somerset, which we have hitherto described at length, and hearty applause attested their excellence. After a temporary ring has been placed upon the stage, Little Pauline, a bright-eyed little miss about the size of Baby Benson, and her diminutive pony appeared. This animal had been trained to do what is known in circus parlance as a message act. Little Pauline, being lifted into the side-saddle, rode it, and apparently guided it during the performance of its feats. She exhibited no little daring in maintaining her seat while the pony stood upon its hind legs. The performance is terminated with the pony and rider leaping low hurdles, which were covered with burning alcohol. Gus Williams met with his accustomed favor in Dutch character songs and witticisms. He also performed the chief character in the closing sketch called "Dinkelspiel," in which he received the aid of W. B. Cahill, G. W. Reed, Alice Harrison, and Addie Farwell. John Williams in clog dances; "The African Dwarf Tommy," performed by John Hart; serio-comic songs by Jennie Engle; Sol. Smith Russell's lecture on "Woman's Rights," and his facial delineations; "The Commissionaires;" "The Colored Hamtown Students;" "The Mysterious Stranger," and "Where Is He" introducing Courtright, Gilbert, Grey, Gooding, Sandford, Wilson, and others, filled out the bill. Attendance moderate.

THE ATTENDANCE has continued large at the Hippodrome in consequence of the exciting trotting matches and the low prices of admission. The immense building is kept comfortably warm even in the coldest weather. On Monday last a novelty was presented, giving a representation of "Salesday at Tattersall's, or Scenes Among the English Turfmen." At the sale of horses it was shown how flats were taken in by sharpers, street-singers warbled their ballads, the swells were cheated, and the Mad Cap Girls let loose on the stage floor. He is a performer of ability, being graceful and agile; yet among his feats, many of which were difficult, he introduced nothing new. Hicks' Mirror of Ireland, which opened the show, presented some excellent and attractive views of Irish scenery. Kitty O'Neil was seen in a number of comary dances. A new sketch by John Wild, called "Port Wine vs. Jealousy" proved attractive, and was satisfactorily performed by the author, William Carter, who appeared without cork upon his face, and Miss Amy Roberts. The laughable musical act of "The Skidmores," introducing Harrison, Flatt, White and other principal members of the company, was revived; Lulu Delmay continued her serio-comic songs; George S. Knight gave Dutch songs, with witty remarks, and a burlesque speech, which were freely applauded; and the dramatic sketch of "The Shibboleth" continued one of the chief features of attraction. The legal proceedings now in progress with regard to the latter have added fresh zest to its attractiveness. The attendance was large.

LECOCQ'S OPERA-BOUFFE of "Girofle-Girofla" still continues to resurrect the dead at the Park Theatre, the melodious music, gorgeous mise-en-scene, and rich costuming, combined with the clever vocalization and admirable dramatic expression given to the opera by the company, proving the potent attractions, which have nightly filled the houses with appreciative audiences.....Miss Lina Mayo appeared at the Germania Theatre on Feb. 8, 9, 11, in "Der Gerwissenwurm," 10, in Auber's opera-bouffe of "Le Part du Diable," and 13 in "Die Fledermaus."..... On Wednesday, Feb. 10, a grand organ-concert was given at the Church of the Holy Trinity, James Pearce presiding at the organ, assisted by Miss Ida W. Hubbell, vocalist.....The concert given by the N. Y. Conservatory of Music at Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening, under the direction of Messrs. Ed. Mollenhauer, Max Maretzek and August Arnold, proved a gratifying musical success. The programme offered a choice selection of classical music, in the interpretation of which the Misses Randall, Hoffman, Preston and Heidenheim, advanced pupils of the school, took part. Prof. Mollenhauer acted as conductor ship of Sig. E. Marzo.....A Philharmonic rehearsal was given at the Academy of Music on Feb. 12 of the programme previously announced..... On Saturday afternoon Mrs. W. N. Oliver, soprano; Geo. E. Merrill, basso; E. Heimburger, pianist; Sig. Bialla, organist, and Sig. Fabbri, violinist, will give this seventh of the eleventh popular concert given at Association Hall, where in the evening a grand concert was given, Miss Rosburgh, soprano; Miss Bulkley, contralto; Mr. Fritsch, tenor; Mr. Sohst, baritone; Miss Luckhardt and Mr. Pease, pianists; and Sig. Bialla, organist, being the executants.

MISS CARLOTTA LECLERCQ acted, during the past week at the Lyceum Theatre, the character of Mercy Merrick in "The New Magdalen," to a fair attendance. Our readers are familiar with her merits as portrayed in this role, and we need only remark that the scenery and support were both good, and that the cast included George Clarke as Julian Gray; G. B. Waldron, Horace Holmcroft; Vining Bowers, Ignatius Weiz-1; F. Beresford, Surgeon Seville; W. A. Sands, Captain Jewett; Mr. Becker, Max; H. Charles, police-officer; G. Jones, servant; Mrs. Isabel Waldron, Grace Roseberry; Miss Kate Meek, Lady Janet Roy. J. L. Toole is to commence an engagement of two weeks' duration on Feb. 15.

AT BAYNE'S MINSTRELS a good average business has been done since our last report. No change was made in the first part, but, owing to the withdrawal of the jantomime, a number of sketches were

LOTTA commenced a week's engagement at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., on Feb. 8, appearing as Little Nell and the Marchioness, and, says our correspondent, "attracted a very crowded audience, who rewarded her artistic efforts with enthusiastic applause. Charmingly tender, refined, and in several situations of the drama intensely forcible, as was Lotta's embodiment of Little Nell during her previous performances of it here, it has now become, from frequent repetition, more highly finished and artistic throughout, the mournful calmness and resignation, and the quiet tone of pathos pervading her impersonation of the part being more delicately and subtly depicted and finely contrasted with the unstable levity of her Marchioness. H. H. Wood deserves much credit for his fine impersonation of Swiveller. It is decidedly the best thing he has done this season. Sheldon's Quilp and Hudson's Brass were also fine pieces of character acting. F. H. Lord's Grandfather Trent was the best thing we ever saw him do, his make-up being exceedingly good. As Mrs. Quilp, Miss Bailey did in good style what little was required of her. The entire support was exceedingly good. On Thursday evening 'Musette' will be produced, and will continue the attraction throughout the week. On the 15th inst. Robert McWade opens in 'Rip Van Winkle.'.....Mrs. Joseph Jefferson and Miss Jefferson, accompanied by Mr. William Winter, amusement editor of *The New York Tribune*, passed through this city on the 7th inst. en route to Mr. Jefferson's plantation in Louisiana.....Ada Gray, supported by the company from the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, will appear at Public Library Hall the latter part of the month."

"DAVY CROCKETT" has been the reigning attraction at the Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., since Feb. 8, upon which date Frank Mayo and Rosa Rand commenced an engagement there. Our correspondent says: "Despite the unfavorable weather, the attendance has been uniformly good. The drama received an appropriate representation, the scenery and stage accessories generally being fully adequate to all demands, while the cast on the whole was efficient and agreeable. Mr. Mayo's picturesque and artistic portrayal of the title-role is quite familiar to the readers of THE CLIPPER; consequently, extended criticism is unnecessary. Miss Rosa Rand, who accompanies Mr. Mayo, was formerly the leading lady at this theatre, and, being very popular with our citizens, was accorded a most gracious reception. She impersonated the heroine, Eleaner Vaughn, in splendid style, giving in several scenes a marked exhibition of her power for thrilling and convincing thrusts, and the possession of sterling histrionic talent. Charles Waverley was quite effective as the villain Oscar Crampton, and George Learock, though having an ungrateful part in Neil Crampton, deserves credit for the care he manifested. F. J. Morris, who is generally successful, was rather tame as Major Hector Roupell, while the one gentleman who essayed the Parson was very unsatisfactory. W. J. Shea as Big Dan was attentive and correct, as also was Harry Albert. Lilian Montrose is entitled to a commendatory notice for the clever manner in which she acted Bob Crockett, and Mrs. Eberle, who completed the cast, it almost needless to say, was thoroughly competent as Dame Crockett. On the 15th, Maggie Mitchell."

JOHN T. RAYMOND, as Col. Sellers, began an engagement at Ford's Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., on Feb. 8, before a large audience, which did not decrease as the week advanced, says our correspondent, under date of Feb. 15, adding: "The play is decidedly American, and Col. Sellers is, of course, the principal figure. The character is an original dramatic creation, and no one else could more fitly portray the vicissitudes of that ever-cheerful individual than Mr. Raymond. The support rendered by the stock company was excellent. Marianna Cohen was forcible as Laura Hawkins, Mark M. Price filled the role of Col. Selby very creditably, and Mrs. Germon, as usual, was thoroughly pleasing. Mr. Lanagan as Si Hawkins acted in his usual careful manner, and Geo. W. Denham as Uncle Daniel was very amusing. Emma Stockman as Miss Alice Sellers in their respective parts were also good, and Harry Lee, Hamilton Harris, S. W. Glenn, H. Warren and Harry Pearson were quite fair. Edwin Booth will inaugurate a brief revival of the legitimate at this place on Feb. 15.....Johnny Thompson in the drama of 'On Hand' was the feature of the week at the Holliday-street Theatre, and drew fair houses. The drama is made quite interesting by the versatility of Mr. Thompson. J. P. Rutledge as John Harbison was as villainous as the character called for, and J. Sutherland was fair as Mr. Norton. W. H. Southard was very good as Chas. Norton, and, with the exception of a slight tendency to overact, W. H. Burton was equally good as Bloodgood. The make-up of Chas. Stanley, on Monday evening, as the English footman was decidedly unique. Instead of presenting an adipose appearance in front, it appeared on his back. Chas. Harkinson as the policeman had full scope to display his peculiar abilities, which are strikingly adapted to such roles. Gussie De Forrest as Lucy Harbison and May Roberts as Georgiana were very clever. Prior to the drama the Walhalla Brothers gave an exhibition of their acrobatic abilities, and Annie Hindle rendered, with splendid costume, several excellent sentimental character songs, Sheridan, Mack & Day's Combination will open on Feb. 15.....Business at the Front-street Theatre has been generally good. A drama entitled 'The Three Christmas Nights' was the reigning feature, and was put upon the stage in a splendid manner. Mr. Chester acted the character of John Hawtry in a becoming manner, as also did Walter Benn that of Tom Heywood. Geo. R. Edeson was in his element as Toby Darwin, and James Cooper as Black Norris was quite natural. Annie Chester, Fannie Prestige, Laura Le Claire, Georgia Lyster, Miss Wilda and Messrs. Fleming, Frazier, Woodhull and Barnes were all very creditable in their different roles. The new variety specialties were Mlle. Realta, a female Hercules, who gives surprising evidences of her great strength; Josephine Adams, a pleasing artist; Belle Gabrielle, who executes in good style several popular airs on the crystalcion; and Baby Daly and Sadie Connolly, who appear in an amusing sketch. The new people announced for Feb. 15 are Edwin F. Thorne, in 'The Ticket-of-leave Man;' Sam Devere, Prof. Hermann, J. B. Johnson, Rudy Ashton, Al Murray, acrobats; Lou Sanford, Grace Marco and Annie St. Clair."

PITTSBURG, PA., CORRESPONDENCE, dated Feb. 12: "'The Sea of Ice' was produced at the Opera-house on the 8th and every night during the week. The cast embraced Charlotte Thompson as Ocarita, Mrs. Morrison as Carlos, T. F. Egbert as Raoul de Lascour, W. N. Owen as Barabas, B. R. Graham as Medoc, Edwin Price as Horace de Brionne, Mrs. S. A. Baker as Countess, Carry Troy as Louise de Lascour, Willa Brong as Diana, and La Petite Gabrielle as Marie. The management are deserving of praise for the liberal expenditure of money in mounting the play. The scenery was new and elaborate, painted by Arthur Palmer, and at different times it was heartily applauded. Attendance averaged fairly large, considering the unpleasant weather. Mrs. Rousby appears on the 15th.....Lotta, supported by J. A. Locke and the Criterion company, is announced for one week at Library Hall, commencing on the 15th, opening in Marsden's drama of 'Zip, or the Point Lynde Light.'.....Mr. Lewis Morrison closes at the Opera-house on the 13th. The many friends he has made here will be glad to learn that he will play another brief engagement in this city during the present season.

WIGHT'S COMEDY COMPANY showed at Gibson, Ill., Feb. 8, 9, Paxton 10, 11, 12, 13. Route: Champaign 15, to continue the week.

EDMUND COLES' DRAMATIC TROUPE produced "The Black Fiend" at Fort Wayne, Ind., Feb. 13.

Mlle. Galletti and Madaline Hardy are the specialties.

DAVIS & CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., advertise for a leading lady and a soubrette; also for several variety performers; and they state that the Miaco Brothers and other circus artists can be engaged through their agency.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole and company, during their second week at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, appeared in the drama of "Caleb Plummer, or the Cricket on the Hearth," and the sketch of "The Artful Dodger." He closed his engagement on Feb. 13, the attendance being fair. Mr. Gus Mortimer, a very courteous gentleman, formerly at Col. Wood's Museum, has now the charge of the box-office at this theatre.

AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, a superior entertainment was presented the past week, the new features being the Irish specialties of Fitzgerald and Ryan, Johnson in the swimming act, and Louise Sylvester's excellent impersonation of Fanchon in the drama of that name. The Weston Sisters, who were re-engaged, appeared in their pleasing vocalistic specialties, closing Feb. 13. Prof. G. F. Orrin and Sons, Maggie Weston and Reta and Prof. Fox's leader commence engagements on the 15th, the two last-mentioned appearing in J. J. McCloskey's drama of "Castle Garden."

W. A. GREGSTON'S drama of "Dea'l, yet Living," written for Miss Jennie Morton, has been copyrighted, and all parties are warned, it is said, not published elsewhere, to refrain from infringing on his rights.

HARRY BROWN, stage-manager of Golden's Dramatic Combination, publishes a card, to which his correspondents are referred.

TONY DENIER'S PANTOMIME TROUPE performed at Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 10, 11, to fair business. Route: Macon 15, Augusta 16, Savannah 17, 18, Charleston, S. C., 18, 19, Wilmington, N. C, 22, Petersburg, Va., 23, Norfolk, 24, 25, Richmond 26, 27, then Washington, D. C., and Baltimore, Md., one week each.

W. W. NEWCOMB has purchased a one-third interest in the "Jack and Jill" Pantomime Company, and will join the troupe within one week, to assume the directorship of it for the future.

THE BUFFALO BILL TROUPE is to show at Erie, Pa., Feb. 18, 19, Meadville 20, Pittsburg 22, 23, 24, Steubenville, O., 25, Wheeling, W. Va., 26, Zanesville, O., 27, Newark, O., March 1, Columbus 2, 3.

MARTIN GOLDEN'S DRAMATIC COMPANY are to play this week at Jacksonville, Ill.

CHAS. FOSTER, the well-known author and actor, commences a starring tour at the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on March 8, and managers desiring to engage him can address his agent, T. J. Leigh, care of this office.

THE WORRELL SISTERS and Sam Villa appear in burlesque, at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., March 1. A card to that effect will be found in our business department.

MUSICAL.

A VOCAL AND LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT was tendered to Miss Mary Monroe by the members of Lincoln Lodge, Good Templars, on the evening of Feb. 2, at Bleecker Buildings, this city. Miss Monroe, who appeared in a dress of blue, was handsomely assisted by Miss Josephine Leroy of Rose Hill Lodge, who recited, with great vim, "The Chicago Relief Train," also, a very ably-written composition on "Slang," given with more than ordinary humor. Miss Brandt sang a pretty song entitled "Put My Little Shoes Away," and was twice encored. She is gifted with a full, powerful soprano voice of great purity, and, with proper instruction, should make her mark in the musical annals of the period. Mr. M. C. Campbell, the veteran of Campbell's Minstrels, also contributed two songs, for the first time in twelve years; so his old friends throughout the country will observe that he is still in the land of the living. His voice is as sympathetic as ever; he sang "Ben Bolt" and another with good effect for an old 'un. Among others who assisted were Mr. R. Morrow, Mr. L. Nelse Lyons, Patterson, Martin, Fred Biessard, and a very appropriate address was given by Mr. F. Lambert, R. W. G. of Lincoln Union Lodge. The vocal department was well selected and ably performed, and the elocutionary exercises gave lively satisfaction to a numerous audience, who testified their approbation by repeated applause.

W. P. and GEORGE DEAN SPAULDING are to perform with G. L. Fox's "Humpty Dumpty" Pantomime Troupe three weeks at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, commencing Feb. 15.

DELL MORSE advertises a number of silver bells and horns for sale.

THE STRAKOSCH ITALIAN-OPERA TROUPE performed at De Bar's Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., during the week ending Feb. 6, Lafayette, Ind., 8, Indianapolis 9, 10, Cincinnati, O., 11, 12, 13, to remain 15, thence to Columbus 16, 17.

GILMORE'S 22D REGIMENT BAND gave two concerts in Baltimore, Md., on Feb. 9, 10, to good business.

A SITUATION, either as E-flat cornet or as solo alto and flute and piccolo, is advertised for by Frank Boss.

THE BROWN WEEK of the Seldom Troupe at the Globe Theatre, Boston, Mass., has been very successful, drawing the largest houses that have yet been inside that establishment. This must be extremely gratifying to Miss Soldene, for the troupe appeared without any great flourish of trumpets, and has attained its success solely upon its inherent attractions. "Genevieve de Brabant" was given Monday and Tuesday in a mutilated form, the libretto being cut, music transposed, and foreign airs introduced. Wednesday and Thursday were devoted to the first introduction of "Chilperic" in Boston. It has met with considerable success. On Friday, at Miss Soldene's benefit, she appeared as Mlle. Lange, in "Madame Angot's Daughter," and achieved the greatest triumph. "Genevieve" was repeated at the matinee Saturday, and the troupe bade farewell last night, with a poor rendering of "The Grand Duchess." It was cut, and burlesqued, filled with gags, and was altogether dreary. Miss Soldene as the Duchess looked well, and dressed elegantly. Feb. 15 Clara Louise Kellogg and her company open for two weeks. "Maritana" will be the opening opera, "The Bohemian Girl" the attraction for Tuesday, "Mignon" for Wednesday, "Ernani" Thursday, and "The Marriage of Figaro" Friday.....Theo. Thomas gives his final concerts of the season Wednesday and Saturday in Music Hall.....The Harvard Symphony Concert comes off Thursday afternoon. Advices of Feb. 14.

A BARITONE AND SLIDE TROMBONE desires an engagement with a circus band. See Ed. Coleman's card.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE opened at Theatre Royal, Montreal, Canada, on the 9th inst. to a full house in "Sonnambula," and were greeted with well-merited applause. They have since given "The Bohemian Girl" and "Cinderella." Mr. Brindisi, the tenor, is lying dangerously sick from inflammation of the lungs, but his place is ably filled by Mr. Brookhouse Bowler. Both Miss Sallie and Miss Julia Holman are in capital voice, and Mr. Ellis Ryse, basso, possesses a voice of much purity and strength. The troupe remain here all next (this) week. The orchestra has been reorganized under the leadership of Prof. Reichling, and Mrs. Holman presides at the piano with her usual ability. Advices of Feb. 12.

A PARTY of colored vocalists calling themselves the Tennessians gave a concert at Albany, N. Y., on Feb. 13.

THE SOLDENE OPERA-BOUFFE COMBINATION are to illustrate the beauties of "Madame L'Archiduc" at Albany, N. Y., on Feb. 16.

GEO. SOUTHWELL, double bass and tuba player, advertises for an engagement.

GEO. A. FLORANCE, leader of orchestra, and Mrs. Florance, pianist and soubrette, can be addressed as per card elsewhere.

WM. SLAFER, leader of band and orchestra, whose address is in another column, states that he is at liberty to accept engagements.

THE GERMANIA MÄNNERCHOR of Baltimore, Md., repeated the opera of "Der Freischuetz" at their hall on Feb. 9, before a large audience.

Miss VIOLETTA COLVILLE has left the Adelaide Phillipps Italian-opera Company, and gone to New Orleans. Our correspondent in the latter city, writing on Feb 9, said that she was to sing in "Linda Di Chamounix" at the Grand Opera-house Feb. 11.

A NEW MINSTREL song and chorus has just been published by S. S. Wilson and Co., who advertise.

GEORGE A. CONLY gave a concert at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on Feb. 8, assisted by Mme. Schimpf, Miss Virginia Paris and Max Friedman. The attendance was excellent. Mr. Conly is to make his debut in English Opera at Boston on the 24th.

THE CANTATA OF ESTHER, announced to be sung at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, on Feb. 9, by the Schubert Club for the benefit of the Kansas sufferers, was indefinitely postponed.

THE THIRD CONCERT by Gilmore's Twenty-second Regiment Band at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, took place on the 11th inst., and attracted a large audience. Miss Emily C. Thursby was the soloist.

THE FOURTH and last of the Wolsieffer Symphony Concerts was given at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Feb. 12. The attendance was larger than heretofore.

THE FISK JUBILEE SINGERS gave a concert at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Feb. 13, it being their first appearance in that city since their return from Europe.

A COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT was given to William Dwyer at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on Feb. 12, when Mrs. Irma Glen, Miss Lizzie Dwyer and Mrs. James Howard assisted.

A PORTION of Kellogg's Opera Company visited Brooklyn, N. Y., on the evening of Feb. 11, and sang Verdi's "Ernani" to a fair audience. Miss Jennie Van Zandt as Elvira, Mr. Wm. Castle as Ernani, Wm. Carleton as Charles V. They were called before the curtain at the end of the third act.

A LEADER OF ORCHESTRA, who has no objection to traveling, desires an engagement. See B. Zerney's card.

OLE ALLEBUF and orchestra closed their engagement with Washburn's Last Sensation on Feb. 6. See advertisement in CLIPPER.

THE FISK JUBILEE SINGERS are to give a concert in Baltimore, Md., Feb. 18.

REDPATH'S ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY are to perform "Martha" at Elmira, N. Y., Feb. 16.

F. W. HELMICK advertises several new pieces of music, which he will forward on receipt of price.

CIRCUS MANAGERS wanting to engage a band can address Ruy Drake, as per card.

THE STRAKOSCH OPERA TROUPE opened a brief season at Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, on the 11th inst., "La Sonnambula" being given the opening night, to a good house, introducing Albani, Benfratelli, and Fiorini. In "Lohengrin," on the 12th, Miss Cary, Mlle. Heilbron, Carpi and Del Puente were cast. A matinee ("Don Giovanni") was given on the 13th, and "Lohengrin" was to be repeated on the 15th. The Lichtmay Opera Company gave the "Czar and Zimmerman," as a sacred concert, on the 7th, at Wood's Theatre, and were to repeat it on the 14th, at Robinson's Opera-house.

THE ALLEGHANIANS performed at Omaha, Neb., Feb. 10, thence to Salt Lake, Utah, Ogden and San Francisco.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., continued to do an excellent business during the past week, the new appearances Feb. 8 were the Waldo Sisters, the Corthorne Boys, the Calvin Brothers in their crystal-cabinet mystery, and W. T. Melville in the sensational drama of "Smoke." The departures Feb. 13 were Fanny Parker, Frank Bell, the Calvin Brothers, Emma Trueman, and W. T. Melville. The announcements for Feb. 15 are Mlle. Realta, Josephine Adams, and McVicker and Sully.....The Avenue Theatre was thrown open to the public on the evening of Feb. 8 with the following company: James Pilgrim, stage-manager; John Wagner, musical director; Frank George, Wm. King, Chas. King, Wild and Wade, John Forbes, Harry Fenner, Collinze and Wells, Little Eddie Moore, Gerade and Fanny Brown. The theatre has been handsomely refitted throughout—everything about the place being new—and presents a most creditable appearance. A number of performers engaged for the opening failed to appear, thus materially embarrassing the management. New departures Feb. 13 were Fred Brown, Tony Collinze, Chas. A. Wells and Frank George. The announcements for Feb. 15 are Mette and King, Little Della, Willie Rosette and W. L. Hurst. Letter of Feb. 14.

WE CAN RECORD another week of success for Col. Wm. E. Sinn at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y. There was no let-up. Crowds gathered about the house, as during the previous week, filling it to standing-room only, not only during the evenings, but also filled it with ladies and children at the matinee, 13th. Col. Sinn gives a choice and select entertainment, which has not failed to please the audience. The new faces during the past week were Miss Jennie Morgan, vocalist; Miss Emily Maynard and J. J. McCloskey, both appearing in the extravaganza of "The Countess and the Basket-maker," with others of the company. Miss Lou Sanford, Sam Devere, and Hermann go to Col. Sinn's Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., next week. Mr. Frank Hinchcliff, leader of orchestra.....Miss A. Elliott from London, Eng., was announced at Donnelly's Olympic Theatre, but she failed to put in an appearance. The Carroll Family, John Wild, Carroll and Harris, Miss Amy Roberts and James O'Neil were the favorites. Dick Sands is to appear Feb. 15. Advices of Feb 15.

LITTLE EDDIE MOORE and his sister, variety artists, advertise for engagements.

THE ADELPHI, Buffalo, N. Y., presented an excellent bill this past week, and was very well attended, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Miss Minnie Loder continues to enchant the Buffalo public with her serio-comic vocalisms, and seems to be quite a favorite. The Lillian Sisters—Grace and Lena—are unusually good. The Coleman Sisters are excellent in their performances on different musical instruments, and also in their clog-jig dances. The departures are E. Hillier, to Cleveland; Ainsley Brothers, after a week's rest, go to Pittsburg. The arrivals Feb. 15 are the Snow Brothers and their wonderful dogs, and Gilday and Gineven. Letter of Feb. 13.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Rochester, N. Y., opened on Feb. 8, under the management of Geo. W. McKinney, with the following company: Maggie Bowers, the Campbell Sisters, Chas. Fostelle, James Flake, the Maynard Brothers, Cleary and Lyons, John Le Clair, Geo. Wray, Walter Gale, Wm. Marco and A. D. Page. Business has been fair.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., during the past week, the chief event was the presentation of a handsome silver-plated tambourine to F. Hassall, the popular end-man and comedian. Kate Clare closed 13. Lou Edwards, J. C. Edwards and Martha Gray are announced to open 15. Notwithstanding exceedingly bad weather, the attendance has been good.

MME. RENTZ' FEMALE MINSTRELS and Marie Delacour's Parisian Cancan Troupe open at New Orleans, La., on Feb. 15, and first-class artists, with specialties, are advertised for.

THE OPENING NIGHT of the new season by the Theatre Comique Company, Detroit, Mich., at the Opera-house, Feb. 8, was a success, the house being packed. After an overture by Prof. Davis' orchestra, ably assisted by Paul Ritter, pianist, "The Fellow that Looks Like Me" was acted by Ned West and Harry and Fanny Wood—putting the audience in good humor. Millie La Fount in serio-comic songs appeared, but was so hoarse that she could hardly sing. The Kine Brothers gave banjo and tamborine duets that were very fine, the tamborine playing especially. Maggie Gray, elegantly attired in lavender silk tights and satin bodice, became a favorite in her bouquet of melodies. Charles and Carrie Austin could hardly be equaled in rifle acts—quickness, grace, and difficulty of action being the prominent features. W. H. Vane, banjoist, next appeared, and him we reviewed a week ago at the Adelphi. "Barney's Return," a new protean sketch, was then introduced by the Woods. Their vocal solos and duets were of a high order. They have been engaged for the entire season. Hercules Libby then played with the cannonballs. Next came Walters and Morton, who are well known. The finely-formed Zinella was the vocalist of the evening, being recalled four times. She also is engaged for the season. The performance concluded with "Led Astray on a Slippery Day," in which stage manager Nick Norton appeared as Bimmelbeck, aiding the people home in the best of spirits. Walters and Morton close Feb. 13, going to Philadelphia.....At the Adelphi, "Aladdin" was the chief attraction during the past week, with Annie and Jennie Gibbons, a large house being present on Feb. 8. Manager Hough's lease expiring on the 13th, the Adelphi will be no more, the proprietor having leased it to Mr. Merchant of Chicago, who intends to use it for combinations, lectures, minstrels, etc., as was formerly done, and has reclurtened it Music Hall.....Lucy Adams and Guy Linton paid Detroit a flying visit on Feb. 12. They open in Toledo 15. Advices of Feb. 12.

VARIETY ARTISTS seeking engagements are referred to Mr. Bertine's advertisement.

AN ADVERTISEMENT from Prof. Louis Herbert appears in another department.

MISS MARIETTA RAVEL appeared every evening of the past week at the Adelphi Theatre, Chicago, Ill., in "The French Spy." Miss Ravel has not been before the Chicago public for several years, and so, considering the weather, quite a desire has existed to see her. She was admirably supported by Sam Piercy as De Courcey, Thos. Radcliffe as Dubourg, Harry Little as Tony Bavard, Harry Phillips as Capt. Didier, Shirley France as Mohammed, T. Langdon as Achmet Bey, and Tillie Marble as Marie. The trappings and scenery are really gorgeous, and an Arab dance by Miss Ravel and a combat with broadswords between her and Mr. France are noteworthy events in the presentation. In the olio which preceded the drama, the principal act was that of the Reynolds Brothers, who made their first appearance at this house. The boys were great favorites at the old Adelphi, where they played many weeks. They performed four new acts, and may well be proud of their reception. Of the other acts Frankie's reappearance was the most taking, although Baby Bindley in character songs, Turnour on the trapeze and wire, Miss Betty Remmelsberg in an artistic dance, Albertazzi in vocal selections, Woodland with his dogs, and Tommy McIntyre in songs-and-dances were received with marked favor. Messrs. Grover & Cole have taken the initiative in the reduction of prices. They now stand as follows: Parquet, no extra for reserved seats, 50 cents; dress circle and balcony, all parts, 35 cents; grand tier, 25 cents: gallery, 15 cents; orchestra, 75 cents; no charge to reserve. The result has been favorable, and they have done the best business in the city during the week. Mr. Mestayer's appearance here is delayed one week. Advices of Feb. 13.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., business continues good. The new appearances Feb. 8 were J. W. McAndrews, who was received with great favor in his sketches "The Watermelon Man" and "Colored Troops," and Harper and Stansil, who were forced to reply to three and four encores in their songs and one-legged dances. "Kathleen," a sketch, in which the McAvoys appeared, was also finely received. "The Amazonian March" proved an attractive feature, and introduced elaborate and handsome appointments by J. R. Harris. The departures 13th were the Love Sisters and Petre Goshan to Syracuse, Gilday and Gineven to Buffalo, and Fred and Emily Siegle to New York. The following are announced for the 15th: Griffin and Hart, Frank and Eva Bennett, and Ned and Annie Wade, Minnie Palmer. The latter has for some time been a member of a church choir in this city, and debuts as a balladsinger. In regard to the statement from Manager Ward in last week's CLIPPER, that Ned Wambold was sent here by him to take part in the benefit entertainments, Sam Sharpley writes us that Mr. Wambold informs your correspondent that he understood Mr. Wambold had previously closed his engagement at Fall River, and, being in this city at the time, volunteered his services. Advices of Feb. 14.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE COMIQUE, Cincinnati, which opened on the 1st inst., the new appearances this week have been Sallie Adams, whose performances on the banjo and cornet have proved very acceptable; Frank and Carrie Lavarnie, who performed with spirit a little sketch called 'The Frolicsome Servants,' the lady afterwards figuring to advantage in character-change songs; Juiu Keen, a fair dancer in comedy, and a good if not great comique; and Lew and Ed. Clark, quite excellent song-and-dance men. Besides these William Sparks, Charles Ravel, Kearney and Moran, and Aubrey and King appeared in their specialties, which have been heretofore noticed. The performance opened with an elaborate ballet of the old comedy, entitled 'Dan Line,' in which J. W. Wesley, Nat Hyams, Addie Johnson and Imogene Kent Hyams played the principal characters. The wind-up, and the principal feature of the week, was a sketch entitled 'The Female Bathers,' in which some eight or ten damsels remove sundry garments in view of the audience. The Mayor of the city went down to view the scene during the evening, and this morning very selfishly issued an order forbidding its further presentation. It has been changed to 'The Moral Female Bathers.' Attendance has been good. The closings to-morrow are to be Sparks and Norah Ryan, going to Vincennes; Charles Ravel, bound for Toledo, and Kearney and King, going to Cleveland; and Kearney and Moran, to Peoria, Ill. The new people next week are to be Charley Howard, Cassim and Fritz, Kitty Sharpe, Kirk and Drew, and Bothwick Reid.....George W. Barnum of the National stock, was married on the 8th to La Pauline, the handsome young serio-comic soubrette.

AN ACCIDENT happened on Feb. 6 at Miller's Winter Garden to one of the Turle Brothers, gymnasts. He was hanging head downward from a trapeze; losing his hold, he fell a distance of fifteen feet on top of a musician in the orchestra. The gymnast was badly hurt, but reappeared the following week, and the musician, we are pleased to state, is all right again.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE WARE, who were robbed on Feb. 5 in Philadelphia of a large Saratoga trunk, as noted in our last, have succeeded in recovering most of their stolen property. Charles Fredericks was arrested and convicted of the theft, but the principal in the second degree is still at large.

DAN DIAMOND of Diamond and Ryan is still in the land of the living, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. Read Ryan's advertisement.

BEN HAYES, stage-manager and general performer, can be engaged through his agent, Col. T. Allston Brown.

MAGGIE WESTON, male impersonator, is performing this week at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia.

THE LEASE of the Columbia Varieties, Brooklyn, N. Y., is advertised for sale.

TALENT is wanted by John M. Hickey & Co., who advertises for their female minstrel and cancan troupes.

THE NEW PEOPLE at the Theatre Comique, Toledo, O., Feb. 8, were Kate Montrose, George and Lizzie Conway, Jennie Grey, Shaw and Foster, and Arthur Doty. Lizzie Conway in serio-comic songs is good; George Conway appeared in acts, and Arthur Doty in female impersonations; Kate Montrose is an old favorite here, as also are Shay and Foster, who appear in acrobatic songs-and-dances. Frank Lowrie in old-man acts is fine. Business fair, considering the extremely cold weather. Arthur Doty, Frank Lowrie, and George and Lizzie Conway close 12th. Guy Linton and Lucy Adams, J. W. Berkley and A. B. Hart open 1st. Letter of Feb. 12.

THE ONLY NEW APPEARANCE at the Adelphi, Peoria, Ill., the past week was Miss Lizzie Pessley, song-and-dance, who received a cordial reception. Business continues good. Manager Farrington has put up cosy private boxes. The following new people are to appear Feb. 15: Kate Morris, Ella La Rue, Lizzie Donaldson, Geo. Murray, and Kerney and Moran.

AT THE OLYMPIC VARIETIES, Memphis, Tenn., business continues good. Allie Love reappeared Feb. 8. Mlle. Rosa departed for New Orleans 14.....At Steele's Jefferson Opera-house no new faces. The cancan holds the boards.

GORMAN AND ROMER and Miss Nellie Forrester appeared at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., Feb. 8. Business continues fair. Feb. 13 was Benefit Night, and continue so until the thermometer emigrates above zero. Geo. Brown and Mlle. Emma Jutau close 13, to open 22 at the Adelphi, Chicago.....The West-side Minstrel Hall has again been closed.

COTTON AND BIRDUE open at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., on Feb. 22.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Manchester, N. H., the company the past week included Eloise Bridges, Mary Stuart, Nona Bridges, Lena Bridges, Hurley and Marr, George McConnell, J. H. Graham, and Signor Erni.

CHARLEY SANDERS, song-and-dance, also Irish and Ethiopian comedian, was the only first appearance at the Varieties, Norfolk, Va., on Feb. 8. It is worthy of note that this theatre has been open nine years without closing a single night, Sundays excepted, Winter or Summer, and C. T. Tooker has been its manager during this time.

IDA CERITA'S FEMALE MINSTRELS and French Cancan Troupe were billed at Dayton, O., on Feb. 10, 11, but an injunction was served prohibiting them from giving their performance.

AT FLYNN'S GAIETY THEATRE, New Orleans, La., business has been good since our last report. The new appearances during the past week were Chrissie Orrell, Lew Cavana, Old Bob Lindley, Mlle. Emaline, Bud Granger, and Dutch Max. Departures: Charles L. Banks, to Galveston; Tom Warfield, to Indianapolis; and George Sisson and Rosa Lee, destination unknown. Advices of Feb. 9.

MARTIN F. BLAND operates the Dutch character vocalist, can be addressed care of this office.

THE WAITE SISTERS, vocalists and sketch artists, are at present performing at the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., where they can be addressed by managers desiring to engage them.

JAMES FOSTER, clog and song-and-dance artist, advertises for an engagement.

PARKER, WITH HIS DOGS, opens at the Metropolitan Theatre, Newark, N. J., on Feb. 15, and can be engaged for future dates by addressing his agent, Col. T. Allston Brown, as per card.

BUSINESS at the Adelphi, Dayton, O., for the past week, has been good. The correspondent writing on Feb. 10 says: "C. S. Baldwin, formerly of the Great Eastern, is now materializing in some other city, having it is said gone away with some of the Adelphi's finances. The departures are Kline and Manly, and Charles and Nellie Leslie. Of the new arrivals, Chapman, a good banjoist, but does not do so well in his delineations of Dutch business. Seagrave and Gibbons, in their acrobatic songs-and-dances, take very well; and Gibbons also does a very fine clog. Billed for the 15th are: Dick Rowe, Little Nellie, and Lulu Raymond."

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Wheeling, W. Va., business continues large. The new arrivals Feb. 8 were Harry Budworth and Ella Stowe, who are very good in their specialties. Carrie Avery and Emerson and Clark were announced, but failed to appear.

BUSINESS at the Germania Varieties, Scranton, Pa., has been fair during the past week. On Feb. 12 Schaffer and Nelson received a benefit. Those closing 13 were William Prostor, going to Wilkesbarre; Julia Bennett and Schaffer and Nelson, to Philadelphia. Announced for Feb. 15: Gus Peters and Mille Annetta.

FRANK KELLER'S THEATRE COMIQUE, San Antonio, Texas, has closed for want of patronage.

THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, San Antonio, Texas, is reported as doing a good business. They have recently added a brass band. P. H. Seamon, with his Peter Honey Family, is one of the chief attractions.

CHARLES M'GINNIS' Gem Comedy Constellation was at St. James, Mo., Feb. 8, 9, 10, Rolla 11, 12, 13.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Houston, Texas, during the week ending Feb. 6 the company included Joe Woods, Barry Maxwell, Frank Sparrow, Harry Benton, W. H. Bernard, M. Arony, La Belle Louise, Minnie Hall and Delia Wallace.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS are advertised for by Tom Clannon, stage-manager of the Mobile Varieties, Mobile, Ala.

LEW HALLETT, clown, jester, song-and-dance artist, etc., and Altie Hallett, gymnast, club-swinger, etc., are open for an engagement with a first-class circus or variety company. See card.

THE HOLLANDS AND MLLE. VIOLETTA, gymnasts and acrobats, late of John Robinson's Circus, desire an engagement for the month of March, and advertise their address in our business department.

D. J. HART, Irish comedian and piccolo soloist, advertises that he is at liberty to accept an engagement.

MYLES MORRIS, Irish comedian, vocalist and dancer, late of MacEvoy's Hibernicon, advertises that he will be open for an engagement after Feb. 22.

FAUST FAMILY, MASS., ADVICES, dated Feb. 13: "To-night closes the season at Ward's Opera-house, and it will reopen March 15, for two weeks, when the present lease expires. On the 12th, Walter C. Kelley had a benefit of the real old kind, house packed to repletion. 'The Miser of Marseilles' was the piece chosen by the beneficiary, in which he displayed some very fine points.....The Carrollton Hall has been leased by Charley Burnham, late manager at Ward's, and is to be opened on the 20th as a varieties. Company not yet announced. The match jig-dance between Billy Allen and Johnny Somers occurs at Carrollton Hall 15th, when the greater part of the present company will appear. Jim Bowles, negro banjoist, of Providence, R. I., is also to be present.....Billy Allen had a 'ben.' at Novelties on the 6th, when the house was comfortably filled."

THE FAUST FAMILY, who are now traveling with the Kiralfy Combination, and whose performances are very favorably spoken of by Rochester and Pittsburg papers, are at liberty to engage for the tenting season, to do their gymnastic specialties. Address care of this office.

KELLY AND LEON at Chicago, Ill., are giving what they call a straight nigger-bill this week, and all, save Leon, appear in corked faces. In their adaptation of "Twice Married," which concludes the entertainment (The Brigands, not being ready for business) Edwin Kelly plays Uncle Jack, Lester, Uncle Horace, Surridge, Charles Vivian, and Leon sustains the two characters of Carlotta and Victorine. "Take It And Don't Take It," and "The Baby Elephant" are the sketches, and Wayne and Lovely sing "Pretty Little Jessie" and dance *ad lib.* A concertina performance by Daly, and a banjo solo by Hall complete the summary of the second part. Next (this) week Leon will appear as Frou Frou. Negotiations are pending to secure Billy Rice for this house. Schoolcraft and Coes left the company Feb. 12. Both these gentlemen are under permanent engagement to Rich and Stetson of Boston. They left at once for Boston, Hall taking Luke's end in the first-part, on Saturday. On Feb. 15, Dave Wilson of Buffalo, a performer quite well known at one time, but who has been off the stage for some time, will assume the bone-end in this troupe. Advices of Feb. 13.

FRED. WILSON'S MINSTRELS showed at Omaha, Neb., Feb. 10, 11, Lincoln 12, 13, thence to Nebraska City. Goss and Fox are in the company.

ROY AND DANIEL'S MINSTRELS performed at St. John, N. B., Feb. 9, and are to make a tour of Canada. The company includes J. T. Roy, F. Daniel, H. S. Sears, W. T. Knight, J. A. Farber, Pete Sylvester, W. West, T. Daniel and E. C. Pratt, leader of the orchestra.

HORTON'S NORTH CAROLINA MINSTRELS (colored) are to perform at Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., Feb. 17, 18, 19, 20. Tody Hedden, comedian, is among the troupe.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS

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ADVERTISING under the head of Amusements, 15 cents per line for each insertion.
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THE BRAZILIAN FEMALE BAREBACK RIDER, can be engaged (with her own horse) for the coming season. Also,
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NIXY WEED, MR. D. J. HART, IRISH COMEDIAN and Piccolo Player, can be engaged for the coming season. Address D. J. HART, Weston, Mass. 47-1t*

A YOUNG MAN OF GOOD ADDRESS desires an engagement with a circus or traveling company; is a good penman and bookkeeper, and will undertake other capacities if desired. Address E. D. RUDDOCK, 111 North Broad street, Philadelphia, Pa. 47-1t*

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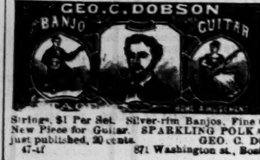

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